

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,302, Vol. 50.

October 9, 1880.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

TURKEY AND THE POWERS.

AS long as the concert of the Powers is not openly dissolved, it is inexpedient to inquire too closely into its possibilities of failure. If it ultimately succeeds, it will have effected an object which could not otherwise have been attained. One of the most obvious objections to the enterprise has been removed since its commencement. It was highly invidious to compel the Albanians to submit, in obedience to the orders of the SULTAN, to a transfer of their allegiance to a State which they regarded with hereditary enmity. Although international law takes no cognizance of subject tribes or districts, modern sentiment justly disapproves of the suppression of local rights by external and superior force. At the moment when the Montenegrin troops, countenanced by the vicinity of the European fleet, were about to attempt the occupation of Dulcigno, the state of affairs was suddenly changed by the declarations of RIZA PASHA. The SULTAN, who had repeatedly excused himself on the ground of unwillingness or inability to coerce the Albanians, now made himself a principal in the conflict by announcing, through the general in command, that a movement on Dulcigno would be treated as an act of war. The combined Powers were at once relieved from the difficulty of dealing with the Albanians, and they had a formal or technical cause of quarrel with the Porte. They, or some of them, are, as the Minister President has lately informed the Hungarian Parliament, nevertheless anxious to avoid a rupture with Turkey. The delays which have again and again been allowed have probably encouraged the resistance of the SULTAN; but it was prudent to abstain from violent measures as long as there was hope of an amicable settlement. English opinion has during the late negotiations and movements been on the whole creditably held in suspense. The example of the present Ministers while they were in Opposition has not been followed. An active and separate co-operation with Russia would be severely blamed; but as long as Germany, Austria, and France are professedly satisfied, Englishmen are content to await the result of a strange and unpromising experiment. Different feelings will be excited if the demonstration of naval force is, at the instance of the English Government, transferred from the Albanian coast to the Dardanelles or the Sea of Marmora; but still the public judgment will ultimately depend on the continuance or dissolution of the European concert. It seems highly improbable that Austria or Germany will concur in a measure which would amount to a declaration of war against Turkey. France also, unless the present Ministry display unexpected enthusiasm in the cause of Greece, will scarcely consent to send a contingent to the Dardanelles. Any operation of the kind undertaken by a Russian and English fleet would provoke just disapproval. A menace against Constantinople by the whole combined fleet, when it was known that no troops were to be landed, would be simply ridiculous; but the English Government would not be more justly exposed to ridicule than its allies.

The SULTAN has, by the elaborate Note presented a few days since to the Ambassadors, relieved the Powers, and especially England, from some moral and diplomatic embarrassment. The utterly inadmissible demand of a promise that no naval demonstration shall be hereafter attempted has no precedent but the similar pledge as to the HOFENZOLLERN candidature in Spain which was required by NAPOLEON III.

from Germany when he had formed the fatal resolution of going to war. It is difficult to understand why the remainder of the Turkish Note should have been composed or presented, when the preliminary condition was certain to be rejected. It is not worth while to examine the ostensible offer of concession as to the Greek frontier, which directly contravenes the unanimous decision of the Conference of Berlin. The Porte has staked its fortune on the chance that the European concert may be dissolved; and it has at the same time used the most effective means to cement and strengthen the union of the Powers. The passage in the Note which relates to the passes of the Balkan and the Danubian fortresses would have been unanswerable if the SULTAN had on his part announced his intention of discharging his obligations. It is nevertheless to be remembered that a contumacious refusal is a just cause of war only when the rejected demand was just and expedient. The Government which has taken the initiative is more especially bound to prove that its interference was prompted by a sincere and consistent regard for the sanctity of treaties. Although the principal motives of its late action may perhaps have been personal and sentimental, the naval demonstration can only have been justified by the belief that conformity with the provisions of the treaty would tend to secure the peace of Europe. The Montenegrins, though they command the imaginative sympathy of the PRIME MINISTER, have no claim to material assistance from England. The only political result which is likely to follow from the cession of Dulcigno is the practical acquisition by Russia of a third-rate naval station in the Adriatic. The united Powers had a legal right to enforce the transfer of territory to which the SULTAN had formally submitted. It is a nicer question of international law whether any one or two of the Powers would have been entitled to act in the absence of the rest. The proposed extension of Greek territory stands on an entirely different footing from the transfer of Dulcigno. The Greek arrangements form no part of any treaty, though the principle has, during a long negotiation, been admitted by the Porte. The resolutions of the Conference of Berlin can only be enforced in virtue of a supposed right of the Great Powers to regulate the political and territorial condition of Europe. If they agree in executing the decree of their Plenipotentiaries, protests against irresistible force will be wholly useless. The annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina furnishes a practical precedent for the further dismemberment of Turkey; but it was enacted by the treaty to which the SULTAN was a party.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE will have provided the best possible excuse for their apparently paradoxical policy, if their sudden and cordial alliance with Russia enables them to prevent by friendly means the prosecution of subversive intrigues in the European provinces of Turkey and in the neighbouring Principalities. The rumour of preparations for war in Bulgaria, in East Roumelia, and in Macedonia may perhaps have been exaggerated; but the existence of a widely spread conspiracy against Turkish rule is not subject to doubt. The application lately made by East Roumelia to Bulgaria for a considerable loan can only have been made in anticipation of rebellion. It is also certain that large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers have been allowed or directed to proceed to Bulgaria; and General TCHERNAIEFF,

the principal promoter of the Servian war, is at present in the country with the probable purpose of renewing his former efforts. It is asserted that a body of Russian engineers is busy in the Shipka Pass, with the not immediately urgent duty of erecting monuments to the Russian officers and soldiers who fell there in the war. They may possibly occupy their leisure with the construction of forts, of military roads, and of other works which might be useful in the event of another invasion of Turkey. It might perhaps not have been incumbent on the parties to the Treaty of Berlin to protect the greatly reduced Empire of the SULTAN from further reduction, if the treaty had once been put in full operation, or if the performance by the Porte of its obligations had not been made compulsory; but zeal for compliance with the engagements of Berlin ought to be impartial. One of the principals in the negotiation and settlement is believed to participate in the designs of the SULTAN's malcontent subjects and hostile neighbours. The Government of Bulgaria and the population of East Roumelia are not likely to move without encouragement or instigation from St. Petersburg; and if they engage in war on their own account, they are, after all the losses and misfortunes of Turkey, no match for the remaining force of the Empire. It is absolutely in the power of Russia to prevent further encroachments on the European provinces of the SULTAN; and if the English Government has not established an understanding with Russia for the maintenance of peace, co-operation with the possible disturber of Europe will have been inexcusable. It is not a trifling evil for an English Ministry to have reversed within a few months the deliberate policy of its predecessor. Fanatical journalists may contend that the Treaty of San Stefano, which they prefer to the Treaty of Berlin, ought to be re-established; but a responsible Government is not at liberty to disregard in the interests of faction or of bloodthirsty philanthropy the honour of the country. If the Treaty of Berlin is to be enforced, it ought to be maintained as a whole. It may be hoped that the discreditable suggestion of a seizure of some of the Turkish Customs duties has been made by a violent partisan without authority from the Government.

FRANCE.

THE new French Ministry has for the moment settled down and does its work in seeming peace. At the age of seventy-five, after a life devoted to philosophy and to the cultivation of a romantic friendship for M. THIERS, M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE was suddenly summoned to the Foreign Office, and President GRÉVY had a new Ministry fully formed. The new Foreign Minister was selected as an embodiment or advertisement of a policy of peace. A very old man who knew nothing about foreign affairs, and was without any Parliamentary following, seemed the kind of Foreign Minister to convince the world that France was determined to keep as much as possible to herself, and mind no business but her own. Accordingly, the PRESIDENT selected him, and the selection, if it did nothing else, served to remind France of the curious Constitution under which she is living. The President of the French Republic is a new experiment in constitutional history. The Government is his Government. He is not like a constitutional sovereign who allows one set of Ministers after another to govern according to their own ideas, so long as they can command a Parliamentary majority, and with perfect impartiality accepts a succession of advisers whose errors do not touch him. The French President has a much more difficult task. He has to see that affairs are properly conducted during the term of his Presidency. But he has also to pay continual deference to the wishes and opinions of the majority of the Chamber. His Ministers stand or fall according as they satisfy or do not satisfy the requirements of the Parliamentary majority. He has thus at once to lead and to follow. He has alternately to efface and to assert himself. M. GRÉVY notoriously approved of the policy of M. DE FREYCINET; but when he was informed that the Parliamentary majority which is at the command of M. GAMBETTA would no longer tolerate M. DE FREYCINET, he had to part with him and to put in his place M. FERRY, who had for the moment the promise of the requisite support. To balance this concession he chose a Minister of Foreign

Affairs who had no connexion with the Parliamentary majority, and whose great merit was that, if he had any opinions on foreign affairs, he had opinions unlike those attributed to M. GAMBETTA. That a President should thus govern without exactly governing seems an anomalous arrangement, but it is one which is intimately associated with a whole circle of French ideas. The Government of France has to govern, and is expected to govern, to an extent to which there is no parallel in England. It does not go by general rules, but thinks itself free to interfere or not to interfere as it judges best in each particular case. It has just allowed the Legitimists to assemble in all their strength and publicly drink the King's health, because it considers them to be a set of harmless old women. It has refused to allow a meeting of Irreconcilables to discuss the foreign policy of France, because it judged that the meeting might give rise to popular excitement. From government of this description the President cannot hold himself aloof. It is his Government that acts, and he is held bound to see that it acts properly. In order to play his part he has not only to be in general harmony with the party which raised him to power, but to keep, so to speak, a hold on the Ministry, although the Ministry is in the main appointed in deference to the wishes of the Parliamentary majority. He may signalize this hold on the Ministry in different ways at different times, and the mode he has now selected is to make M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE, of all the people in the world, Foreign Minister of France.

M. GAMBETTA may be amused at the selection, although he knows precisely what it means; but he cannot object to it, for he would certainly, if he became President, never consent to lose his hold on a Ministry, and also because he takes repeated and constant pains to show that the DE FREYCINET Ministry was only overthrown on a purely domestic question. This question was of course the treatment of the religious orders. M. GAMBETTA is very anxious to have it understood that what he and his friends objected to was not a temporary leniency and reserve in dealing with the orders. In point of fact, the new MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR is going to do very little more than what M. DE FREYCINET proposed to do. He, like the chief of the fallen Ministry, is willing to let the really difficult part of the business, the treatment of recognized orders composed of Frenchmen, stand over until the Tribunal of Conflicts—the tribunal that decides whether an act purporting to be a purely administrative act comes within the competence of the legal tribunals—gives its decision when it meets in November. What M. GAMBETTA objected to, and what he said his Parliamentary majority would object to, was that temporary indulgence to the orders should have taken the form of a bargain. It is represented as humiliating to the Government and to France to have regarded the Church as a power with which terms, if sufficiently favourable to the Government, might properly be made. That is represented as degrading which to others seems highly sensible and very natural in a country the relations of which to the Vatican are still regulated by a Concordat. As far as can be ascertained, the bulk of the French population is entirely indifferent as to the treatment of the orders. It cannot see why it should trouble itself whether a number of priests are or are not sent out of the country. A sleepy selfishness is the prevailing spirit of the French peasantry; and, so long as they are not touched, they do not care whether other people are hurt. But the representatives of the Republican party are not in this passive state. They are possessed by what they consider to be Republican ideas, and one of these ideas is that the Church must be put in its proper place. One mode of effecting this is to extrude it from the sphere of education. The new Ministry has begun to show its activity in this direction. Whatever his faults may be, M. FERRY has at least the courage of his ideas. He sees that secondary education is the real battlefield on which the victory is to be won or lost. If the Church is not to control this education, and the State is to control it, the State must decide what it means by secondary education, and must provide adequate machinery for giving it. M. FERRY has already begun to work hard in both these directions. He is still Minister of Public Instruction, and in that capacity he has issued a programme of what secondary education is to be under his rule. His ideas are, according to English notions, very sensible. He directs

that the study of Latin shall be encouraged; that smattering in science shall be discouraged, while an opening is given for a real pursuit of scientific knowledge; and, above all, that the classes shall be of such a size that the teachers can really teach them. Then the material apparatus for secondary education is to be entirely recast. Existing buildings are to be reshaped. Playgrounds are to be provided. Six new lycées are to be created in Paris and its suburbs. There even seems to be a romantic plan for creating delightful retreats for secondary education in such places as St. Cloud and Fontainebleau. All this will cost a vast sum of money. But it is hoped that the Municipal Council of Paris will contribute handsomely, and that body is now so rich that it has thought itself obliged to get rid of a surplus by setting up some of the ugliest statues that were ever devised, on what is now known as the Place de la République. The Chamber will have to do the rest, and in order that the Chamber may be induced to grant the funds, the Ministry that proposes the grant must be in complete harmony with the majority.

If the peasantry—that is, the silent inert body of voters who in the long run make and mar all majorities—are indifferent about religious controversies, and wholly unconcerned about secondary education, with which they have scarcely anything to do, they are resolutely set on preserving peace. The dislike of the French to get entangled in the Eastern question, although no doubt used as a weapon and exaggerated by the adversaries of the Government, appears to be genuine and general. There may be some sentimental and transitory reasons for this dislike. There seems to be a vague idea that France, which felt so keenly having Alsace and Lorraine torn from it, cannot join in tearing provinces from another conquered Power. Then there is a notion that in the European concert Germany will be certain to play a bigger fiddle than France. A wish is thus inspired to keep out of the competition, and there could not perhaps be a better mode of indicating that there is no rivalry than to make M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE the musician of France, while Prince BISMARCK is the musician of Germany. But there are much deeper causes of the pacific feeling in France than these. In the first place, there is the horror of war which now pervades most European nations, and is felt quite as strongly in Germany as in France. Then the French at the present moment see their way to even greater prosperity than ever, and they do not like to lose the chance of a really good time. There was an increase in the imports in August alone of more than a million sterling, and it is painful to check business just when it is beginning to be especially brisk. But, more than all, there is the conviction that the one necessity for France when she thinks of Germany is to be patient. A premature war might undo all that France has been doing for the last eight years. She has been gradually forming an army of quite a new character and on quite a new scale. The greatest efforts are constantly made to render this army mobile, intelligent, highly disciplined, and perfectly equipped. But, although the present French army is quite a different army from that which was created and sacrificed by the late EMPEROR, it is not the army which France means to have. To bring it up to what it is intended to be means to spend much time and much money, and the French want to keep out of all enterprises, and to earn enough money to lavish it on the army before they put their new mechanism to the proof of war. But, although this is the main wish and purpose of Frenchmen, there are Frenchmen who see that there is always danger of a reaction. If France, through being over-pacific, slipped out of her position as one of the Great Powers, the nation might some day feel humiliated, and might cry out for a change of policy, and listen to those who would say that the Republicans did not know how to maintain the dignity of the country. The nation must so wait that it shall not get tired of waiting. M. GAMBETTA is one of these Frenchmen. At the present moment he is setting himself resolutely against the popular feeling, so far as this feeling seems to him to be running into a dangerous extreme. He ventures to proclaim as loudly as he can that France must not abandon her position as a Great Power, and must play a decorous part in the European concert while it lasts. Whether in this he represents the Parliamentary majority is uncertain. Not improbably he may once more show himself as an opportunist, and give way to a current of feeling that he considers too strong for him. But, if the

day of reaction comes, he will at least have secured a position which will enable him to say that the real leader of the Republican party, if he wished France to wait, also wished her to wait with dignity.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE state of Ireland becomes every day more alarming, and its causes, if possible, become more obvious. On Thursday a great meeting of landowners was held in Dublin, and deputations waited on the LORD-LIEUTENANT and his CHIEF SECRETARY with a request sufficiently humiliating to those functionaries. They wished to know whether the Government would protect them, or whether they were to undertake that duty themselves. It is stated that Lord COWPER and Mr. FORSTER fully admitted the accuracy of the facts upon which this request was based; it is not stated how far they complied with it. Meanwhile unscrupulous demagogues repeat with perfect impunity undisguised incitements to crime; and their disciples respond by threats against landlords and honest tenants, by brutal cruelties to men and animals, and by safe and popular murders. The priest of Lord MOUNTMORRES'S parish, not content with calumniating the unoffending victim, asserts that his parishioners, who openly applauded the deed, were innocent of its perpetration, and that the Government which protected landlords in their rights was really responsible for the assassination. One speaker quoted from Mr. FROUDE an opinion that in Ireland the State ought to acquire possession of the land. He of course omitted to state that Mr. FROUDE insists on the payment of full compensation to owners. He could scarcely have been expected to add that in the same essay Mr. FROUDE urges with forcible eloquence the paramount necessity of silencing seditious orators and of hanging criminals who incite the populace to murder. As might be supposed, the agitators find an inexhaustible store of suitable quotations in Mr. GLADSTONE'S later speeches. The objections to unlimited indulgence in Liberal generalities, and to rhetorical denunciation of political opponents, could not be more strikingly illustrated. Reckless volatility and factious exaggeration are perhaps not consciously employed for mischievous purposes; but they indicate a blamable indifference to public interests in comparison with the gratification of vanity and passion. Mr. PARNELL has not forgotten Mr. GLADSTONE'S wanton declaration that landowners in England or Ireland might be rightfully expropriated by Parliament if it were thought expedient to transfer the land to the occupiers. Another agitator complained that a eulogist of Irish rebels had forgotten the exploits of the Fenian conspirators, "which had been recognized by a greater man than himself." In reference to the same speech of Mr. GLADSTONE'S, an excited mob responded to the exhortations of a demagogue by the significant remark, "We don't forget Clerkenwell." Mr. PARNELL, in a part of one of his speeches which was devoted to the extenuation of the guilt of recent agrarian murders, sneered at the importance attached to the death of one or two landlords when twenty-five thousand members of evicted families had perished within the year. As usual, he was able to quote the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE in support of his shameless apology for crime. There were, said Mr. PARNELL, 5,000 decrees of eviction, affecting on an average five persons in each family. Mr. GLADSTONE had said that eviction was equivalent to a sentence of death; and therefore it might by Irish logicians be inferred that 25,000 evicted persons had died. Mr. PARNELL of course knew, what Mr. GLADSTONE when he introduced the Disturbance Bill had not contrived to learn, that decrees of eviction are seldom followed by actual change of occupation, and that probably he could not have proved that one of the 25,000 deaths had really occurred. In all these cases oratorical exuberance is by an easy process converted into deliberate assertion. The commentator who separates suitable quotations from the context is more culpable than the thoughtless declaimer who propounds dangerous doctrines without considering their meaning or their consequences; but a statesman occupying the highest place in the Empire must be prepared to be judged by a higher standard than the professed adversary of law and order.

Although it is impossible to abstain altogether from expressions of indignation against the promoters of

anarchy in Ireland, they are beyond the reach of remonstrance. Agitators who have made up their minds to encourage robbery and not to discourage murder have nothing to learn of the opinion which is entertained of their conduct outside the circle of their own accomplices. The question is not whether the guilt of the demagogues is more or less atrocious, but how their efforts are to be counteracted. The Government has to choose among the methods of prevention or alleviation which are within its present powers, or which would on its demand be readily granted by Parliament. The only measures yet known to have been adopted are a circular to the Constabulary, and an offer of a reward of 1,000*l.* for the discovery of the assassins of Lord MOUNTMORRES. A much larger sum failed to tempt any of the numerous persons who could have pointed out the murderers of Lord LEITRIM to incur the vengeance of the agrarian conspirators; but the CHIEF SECRETARY is undoubtedly right in offering a considerable price for information. The most important instructions given to the police are probably confidential. It was perhaps judicious to discontinue their attendance at seditious meetings, where for the most part terror or sympathy ensures apparent unanimity, and therefore renders breaches of the peace on the spot improbable. The reported inaction of the Constabulary on some occasions when meetings have resulted in outrages to property may perhaps admit of explanation. There is probably no foundation for the statement that the Government has proposed to increase the military force in Ireland; and it may be confidently assumed that the Commander-in-Chief has not professed inability to comply with a demand for reinforcements. There is for the moment no probability of an insurrection which would require suppression by regular troops. The rebels of the present day know that verbal treason and private assassination are safer and easier than armed insurrection. It is not known that any extraordinary precautions have been taken against the repetition of the crimes which are daily perpetrated. It is perhaps impossible, with the resources actually at the disposal of the Government, to protect all those who are threatened with violence or death; but the want of administrative vigilance, past or present, is in some respects highly reprehensible. It is stated, apparently on good authority, that a single gunmaker in Dublin has within a short time sold fourteen hundred Snider rifles, some of them with bayonets attached. All these weapons have been bought at Government sales, held in accordance with a perverse and contemptible rule of official parsimony. It is not stated whether such facilities for insurrection have been offered by the late or the present Administration. It is too much to expect that tradesmen, whether they are loyal or disaffected, should renounce the opportunity of profit; but it may be confidently asserted that no other civilized Government in the world, having to do with such a state of affairs as that which exists in Ireland, would place its magazines at the disposal of its enemies.

Muskets and bayonets cannot be required for any lawful or legitimate purpose. Every purchase of the kind is to the knowledge of the seller, of the buyer, and of the Government which looks helplessly on, a preparation for armed resistance to authority or for assassination; yet there is no law which prevents the acquisition or prohibits the possession of the known instruments of crime. Englishmen, who have among other immemorial liberties the right to bear arms, are not in the habit of converting their houses into arsenals. Statesmen who affect to rule Ireland according to Irish ideas at the same time consider it necessary that English legislation should be applied to a community which habitually defies the law. In preference to introducing any incident of the administrative system which is rhetorically described as a state of siege, the victims of cant justify CAVOUR's boast in an inverse sense by consenting not to govern. One of the most obvious provisions of the special Acts under which Ireland has been governed for the greater part of half a century places obstacles in the way of the possession of arms, except with an official licence. As might be expected, no Arms Act has prevented the secret possession or the occasional employment of weapons for purposes of violence; but it at least renders impossible the public purchase by retail of muskets and bayonets. The more stringent enactments of Coercion Acts are not less urgently needed. Any humiliation which the Government might incur by summoning Parliament and demanding the necessary

powers would be a trivial inconvenience in comparison with the evils to be remedied. On its accession to office the Government undertook with a light heart to disarm itself in the presence of formidable adversaries whom it vainly hoped to conciliate. If an excuse for inconsistency is needed, the Government may avow its disappointment at the recrudescence of seditious and murderous agitation. Any amount of simple-minded or hypocritical commonplace will be tolerated, if only the Government will at last prefer the public interest to its own. Mr. FORSTER will scarcely execute his conditional threat of punishing the landlords as a condition of repressing anarchy. When Mr. PARNELL quotes from Mr. GLADSTONE rhetorical statistics of eviction and its consequences, it may be taken for granted that he is unable to produce better evidence. It is above all things necessary that the Government should have the courage to silence the itinerant demagogues. Much may be done by direct action to check agrarian crime; but the license accorded to members of Parliament and ruffianly priests publicly to apologize for murder is a wrong even to their deluded adherents, who justly regard as powerless a Government which is afraid to defend itself and society.

ELECTIONEERING.

THE art of electioneering is as vigorous and thriving as it ever was. It consists in showering money on a constituency within or without the limits of the law. Money may be showered on a constituency within the limits of the law. Enormous sums may be spent in printing, placards, paid canvassers, and committee rooms. From this humble but expensive level the electioneering artist rises to the supreme height of illegal practices which entail a penalty on the offender but do not void the seat, such as payment of railway expenses to borough voters, and the provision of refreshments on the polling day. A step further is taken when practices are ventured on which will, if discovered, void the election, but which do not seem morally very wrong, such as payment to voters for loss of time in going to the poll, and hiring voters to aid in keeping the peace. Lastly, the art rises to its highest stage when corrupt things, known and universally recognized as corrupt, are done—when beer or money is given to purchase votes. There is no reason to suppose that corrupt practices prevail in the majority of constituencies. It is only in constituencies where corruption is traditional that it survives. But where it does survive, it survives without any abatement of its old force. If any one expected that the Ballot Act or the Corrupt Practices Act would have really stopped the traffic in votes he must own himself mistaken. It is not only in little places like Knarborough, Evesham, and Sandwich that the old bad system of electioneering prevails. It is rampant in large and highly respectable boroughs like Macclesfield, Oxford, and Canterbury. In one way Macclesfield is the worst case as yet revealed; in another way Oxford stands pre-eminent. The two have about the same population, 35,000, and about the same number of registered electors, 6,000. Both therefore are important places with constituencies that might be thought large enough to ensure something like purity. And yet at Macclesfield bribery of a petty but extensive kind has gone on for years, at every election, Parliamentary and municipal, and both parties have been equally free-handed. At Oxford more than 5,000*l.* was spent at the last election by one party alone, and our old friend, the Man in the Moon, appeared on the scene with 1,000*l.* in his pocket, and having scattered it broadcast, disappeared with as much mystery as he came. All that is known of him at present is that he is an old gentleman with several names and no fixed address. He was paid to come by persons of the highest respectability. He came, dealt out his money to his sub-agents, stayed long enough to "see that they were doing 'their duty,'" and went away. It is exactly the history of Bridgwater over again. But then Oxford is not Bridgwater. It is a large place; it is an historical place; it has been frequently represented by members of great eminence; it has a University in its midst to teach it refinement and morality. That a Man in the Moon should have been sent for to Oxford, and should have found no difficulty in getting rid of a thousand sovereigns in a few days, and that he should have been working for men who were the cream of local respectability, is as surprising and

as shocking as anything can be to those who know the history of English electioneering.

Some obvious, if unpleasant, lessons may be deduced from the disclosures that are now being made. The Ballot Act has failed to check corrupt practices, because experience shows electioneering agents that, as a rule, they get what they bargain for. Men who are illegally hired to do imaginary service get warmed into their work, and speedily become eager for the success of the party they serve, although at the outset they were quite indifferent which party engaged them. The majority by which Mr. HALL was returned at the last Oxford election surprised those who were working for him. They got not less, but more, than they had expected for their money; so that, from an electioneering point of view, it was well laid out, even under the Ballot Act. Neither morality, nor public spirit, nor fear of the law, places any great restraint on corrupt practices. Where party spirit runs very high, or where the traditions of the place make corruption seem inevitable, men in the highest local positions stick at nothing. The Oxford Conservatives, as their agent informed the Commissioners, were determined to win the May election "at any cost." The end of turning out Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seemed so very good that it was held to justify any means. The candidates easily keep themselves perfectly innocent. They simply ask no questions, and, as an agent said at Macclesfield, they are told a couple of thousand is wanted as a beginning, and silently "draw their cheques like men." Those who work illegally for them are liable to prosecution, but no one thinks of prosecuting them. Either the judges report, if a petition is successful, that there have been one or more isolated cases of corrupt practices, and then it seems idle to make a fuss about a trifle, or they report that corrupt practices have prevailed extensively, and then all offenders get off under the screen of a general indemnity. The worst that can happen to Oxford and Macclesfield is that the writs shall be withheld during the present Parliament. A writ for Norwich was withheld in the last Parliament; but at the recent election Norwich was allowed to return two members just as if nothing had happened. Little places like Knaresborough and Evesham may be disfranchised; but then they may find it hard to persuade themselves that they would not have been disfranchised in any case, not because they were corrupt, but because they were small. Then, again, the obligation to return the expenses to which a candidate chooses to say he has been put is purely illusory. There is no harmony between the sums really spent and those returned, and in one case the partner of a candidate ingeniously disguised a contribution towards new corrupt practices by treating the sums advanced as a supplementary payment on account of the preceding election. The only person who suffers if a petition is successful is the candidate, who loses his seat; and here possibly the very strictness of the law helps corruption. The law is very strict; and a candidate whose agent, as at Plymouth, commits one little indiscretion forfeits the seat of his principal. If anything illegal is done, and is discovered, the consequence is precisely the same whether what is done is very small or very great. If illegality is once entered on, it may as well be done on a large scale. What happened to Mr. HALL is exactly what happened to Sir EDWARD BATES. They lost their seats, and this was all, although the Man in the Moon came to Oxford, and one solitary fisherman had his day's wages at Plymouth. An electioneering agent, calmly calculating everything, may very easily come to the conclusion that, if he is in for a penny, he may as well be in for a pound.

But there is another side to the matter which is one of great comfort to those who do not go in for electioneering in its bad sense. If on a *prima facie* view the judges do not believe that corrupt practices have prevailed, they will do everything they honestly can to relieve a suffering member from the taint of practices as to which it may at first sight seem doubtful whether they were corrupt or not. A remarkable instance of this has been furnished in the case of County Louth, the full report of which has just been published. Mr. CALLAN, having been defeated at Dundalk, started for the county over which Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. KIRK were supposed to be going to walk quietly and comfortably. Mr. CALLAN was returned at the head of the poll, and Mr. KIRK, who was defeated, presented a petition alleging corrupt practices. There had been practices which looked as if they had been corrupt. Voters had

undoubtedly received a moderate amount of refreshment; but, as Mr. Baron DOWSE explained, everything depended on the motive with which those refreshments had been given. To ascertain this Mr. Baron DOWSE started from Mr. CALLAN himself. He alleged—and no one attempted to disprove a notorious fact—that he had got no money. Over and over again Baron DOWSE congratulated him on this piece of good fortune. Mr. CALLAN was one of those empty travellers who are allowed to sing before an election judge. It was antecedently unlikely that a man who had got no money should spend improperly what he had not got. Still there was money spent in treating. It was a very modest sum certainly, being in all about 46*l.*; and 126 witnesses were called to show how this money had gone. Some of it had clearly gone in drink. At Ardee, for example, it was indisputable that half a barrel of porter was poured into a tub, and water put into it to make it go farther; and that the people were, as Baron DOWSE describes it, "fed like swine out of that barrel, half porter, half water." But that this mixture was given does not show that it was given for a bad purpose; and the judges held, on a calm and fair review of all the circumstances, that it was only a legitimate effervescence of Irish hospitality. For the judges took into consideration, not only Mr. CALLAN's circumstances, but Irish customs and Irish character. "I have too high an opinion of my countrymen," said Baron DOWSE, "to think that their votes could be influenced by half a glass of whisky, or a whole glass of whisky. They are not a herd of serfs coming in with a vote in their hand to dispose of it for a pint of beer." Characters so noble might yield to very strong temptation, but not to 46*l.* distributed over all the thirsty souls of an Irish county. The conduct of the election was complicated by the arrival of a deputation from the Licensed Grocers' and Vintners' Protection Association, who worked in a general way for Mr. CALLAN, and who undoubtedly spent nearly 100*l.*—a vast sum, according to the standard of Louth. But Baron DOWSE held that they had very prudently spent the money on themselves, chiefly in imbibing what in that part of the world "is alleged to be champagne;" and this, if physically a corrupt practice, is not legally so. The judgment is very entertaining reading, and the difficult legal question as to what are to be the tests of a corrupt motive is treated in it with great acumen and clearness. For general purposes its importance consists in the protection it throws over candidates and their agents who have no wish and little means to do wrong.

DIPLOMACY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress has this year found a not un congenial home in Edinburgh. The capital of Scotland is in many ways suited for the purposes of such an assemblage. For, although the wilder crotchets which are periodically aired on these occasions cannot hope to find much countenance from the sober inhabitants—at least as some count sobriety—of the city that is guarded by Arthur's Seat, the subjects with which the Congress mostly occupies itself are dear to all Scotchmen. Any stern and wild Caledonian will expound for hours in the Education Department the excellences of the system which appoints a Professor to teach the rudiments of Greek to several hundred young persons between fourteen and seventeen, and will point out at equal length that a certain Principal was a traitor when he hinted that more grammar schools of the English type would not have done Scotland much harm. Sanitary subjects and Edinburgh may seem by a time-honoured tradition of joking to be rather wide asunder; but the Art Department will be at least comforted by the existence of a gigantic gallery set apart for the purpose of welcoming and housing the triumphs of Scottish art when they are produced. If the various Sections are not quite so commodiously and centrally lodged as they can be in some of the large towns where modern Town-halls have given unusual facilities, their several homes are of considerable interest. It is perhaps a mere coincidence, but certainly an odd one, that the Art Section should be housed in the assembly-hall of the established Kirk, the very citadel of that denomination which, not so very long ago, as a whole regarded, and still probably in great part regards, poetry and painting as idle waste of time, music as something worse, sculpture as inherently indecent, if not im-

pious, and acting as something too dreadful to be named. But the great advantage of Edinburgh is that there will be plenty to do for the vast majority of the visitors whose enthusiasm for papers and discussions is after all but lukewarm. Elsewhere reliance must generally be placed upon organized excursions for relaxation and refreshment. Edinburgh is one of the few towns within the limits of this island which of themselves give an intelligent person sufficient delight if he merely wanders about them and looks at what they have to show him. Nor is the memory of BROUGHAM absent from pious Social Scientists—of BROUGHAM who is at once inextricably associated with Social Science and with Edinburgh.

The Presidential address of the year had at least this merit, that it was original, and it seems to have pleased some critics as little as originality usually pleases them. It has been asked what diplomacy has to do with social science, and the answer that there is a department of Jurisprudence and International Law in the Social Science Congress itself does not seem to have suggested itself to the questioners. The usual Presidential address at these meetings is a more or less faithful echo of the old Broughamite cacklings about useful knowledge and progress, with a certain admixture of desultory comment on something or other which is supposed to be connected with social science. Now, as many years of Congresses have not availed to draw up a definition of what social science is, it is scarcely surprising that the subjects which have seemed to successive Presidents to be connected with it are very wide and very miscellaneous. Lord REAY, however, who took a subject really connected with the actual programme of the meeting over which he was called to preside, has been rebuked for travelling beyond its province. This is perhaps the way of the world. But it ought in fairness to be remembered that the speaker had some special authority for speaking as he did on diplomacy and on the general relations between England and the rest of the world. Lord REAY happens to be not merely a diplomatic expert, but one of the rare persons who are by natural conditions cosmopolitans. The curious accident which makes him belong half to England and half to the Continent must have given almost any one but a very stupid man an advantage in looking at international questions, which pure Continentals or pure Englishmen, even if they are by no means very stupid men, would have some difficulty in attaining. Now Lord REAY's address on Wednesday proves him to be by no means a stupid man. His contrast between the attitude of Englishmen and that of foreigners on certain large political questions was extremely well put, and showed not a little insight into the subject. It exhibits with remarkable clearness the extreme suspicion with which a contempt of Europe on any given question ought to be regarded, and the radical divergence of views, interests, and conditions which exists between England and most, if not all, Continental nations. This exposition is the more remarkable because we believe we are not wrong in assigning Lord REAY to the Liberal party in English politics, and his testimony might therefore be supposed likely to tend the other way. That there is not the least need for England to be on her guard; that her interests and those of all her neighbours far and near are quite identical, or easily identifiable; that no one of these neighbours is at all likely to harbour private or sinister designs; and that England may safely reconstitute the map of Europe to the advantage of any of them, except Austria, are the cardinal principles of Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy. The whole tone of Lord REAY's address goes to demolish these principles. Foreign diplomacy, says Lord REAY, is simply "realistic"; that is to say, it cares not one straw for treaties, or sentimental obligations, or anything but the two great motives—the hope of gain and the fear of loss. Arbitration is a farce; for on questions of real importance you can neither get your code, nor your judges, nor, most important of all, your sanction. The very outlines of the ideals of political well-being are differently drawn in England and abroad, so that there is no community of principles to go upon. It must have shocked many of Lord REAY's hearers not a little to hear from his lips the terrible word "ascendency," and to know that he considers the maintenance of a certain ascendency by England, if only one of a moral kind sufficiently backed by physical force ready to be used,

to be indispensable to the welfare of the State. It is true that the latter part of the address was in some sense a contradiction of the former. For Lord REAY went on to say that the concert of Europe, which he had shown to be well-nigh impossible, must still be aimed at; and he indulged in dreams of a kind of Anglo-Australian, and perhaps American, federation which was to be the refuge of the destitute, and the counterpoise to the self-seeking of the Continental Powers. But the general tenor of the address was sensible enough, and the electors of Midlothian, who were doubtless present in some numbers, must have felt their ears rather tingle at it.

Objection seems to have been taken to all this as too definitely political for a Social Science meeting. A technical answer to this objection has already been given. But, as a matter of fact, there is an answer much more cogent, though less complimentary to the Social Scientists. This is that, as the widest license of chatter is allowed to them or assumed by them on subjects which are neither of interest nor of importance to any rational human being, there surely should be some license of talk allowed on subjects which are not merely important and interesting, but which are burning questions of the time. The proportions of the ideal cinder-sifting apparatus; the question whether a child ten years old ought or ought not to be able to enumerate the chemical constituents of water; the question whether municipal bodies should limit their patronage of art to the ordering of portraits of mayors, or whether they should fresco the council chamber with scenes from early chronicles and romances, are perhaps matters worth talking about. But, if so, why not questions which involve the very existence of the nation? Certainly a Social Science Congress is not an ideal opportunity for such discussions. It is by no means a collection of the wisest, and a flavour of fussiness, not to say folly, has generally pervaded its transactions. To the student of human nature it is safe to say that one visit at least to its gatherings is an indispensable condition of full equipment for his task. Days may be spent with profit and delight in observing the curious types of speakers and readers, the little displays of personal character in the Presidents of the Sections, the extraordinary jumble of classes and kinds at the conversazioni, the oddities of the personally conducted excursions. But, considering that among the crotcheteers and idlers some men of more or less eminence occasionally appear and speak, it would be odd if every now and then an idea worth saving, a phrase worth taking down, did not emerge from the mass of commonplace thought and slovenly diction. Lord REAY's speech seems to have opened the Edinburgh meeting in this respect in a rather promising way. We wish he had not asked us to "invigorate the social system," because it reminds us, in the first place, of a certain vague and vulgar advice to "preserve the elevation of your pecker," and in the second of Mr. BRADLAUGH's favourite *nunc dimittis*, "The social system keep in view." But perhaps a President of a Social Science Congress cannot avoid these little concessions to the jargon of his tribe. Nor are we altogether inclined to admire the statement that "the Anglo-Saxon world is a planetary system of itself," though this, too, for aught we know, may be socially scientific. But the plain demonstration of the attitude of Continental diplomacy by a man who knows what he is talking about, and the plain recognition of the impossibility of fads about arbitration and common interests, would have redeemed more faults and worse faults than these.

LORD SHERBROOKE ON OBSTRUCTION.

IN his essay on Parliamentary Obstruction in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, even Lord SHERBROOKE, though he says much that is sound, has failed to say anything new. By an odd deviation from his own consistency in paradox, he contrasts the errors of a mechanical age with the more practical proceedings of a nation which knew little of science and nothing of civil engineers. The water-clock of the Athenian Assembly was, as he says, a rude contrivance, but it effectually limited the prolixity of speakers, even when they were the greatest orators whom the world has ever known. "We make better clocks than those poor Athenians did two thousand years ago, but we have not, it should seem, learned to estimate as well as they that which

"the clock measures, the inestimable value of time." It is pleasant to find that an accomplished scholar can for once waive the opportunity of taunting his equals with their hopeless inferiority to constructors of railways and bridges. It is, as he truly says, one of the evil results of obstructive garrulity that thought, reason, and eloquence are too often reduced to silence in the House of Commons. "The men best worth hearing are now unwilling to speak, partly because they are reluctant to prolong a debate which is sure without their aid to be stretched to the utmost limits of human patience, partly because they recoil from a debate which is like an unweeded garden—things rank and gross in nature possess it merely—partly because they feel keenly the wicked and wanton waste of public time, and are unwilling to add their sum of more to that which they already feel to be far too much." The only remedy which Lord SHERBROOKE can suggest is the introduction of the French compulsory stoppage of debate, or of the American previous question, which has nearly the same effect. The majority must, in Lord SHERBROOKE'S opinion, exercise absolute control over the order of debate. The House would be consulted if any attempt to speak against time were made, and the nuisance at once put down.

When Mr. LOWE was in office, he sometimes irritated private members by assuring them that nearly all the time which they occupied with motions and debates was absolutely wasted. The financial and ordinary business of the Government was, as he contended, entitled to precedence, because it was essential to the conduct of administration. Next in order came legislative measures proposed by Ministers, because few other Bills were likely to pass. For the impatient ambition of non-official members the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was not sufficiently careful to conceal his contempt. He may perhaps occasionally have provoked the excessive volubility which, according to his statement, took its origin in the latter days of the former Liberal Government. There is no doubt that at that time some Opposition speakers performed with excessive zeal the duty of attacking the Government on every possible occasion. But it is not certain that their object was to waste time; and Lord SHERBROOKE weakens the force of his strictures on obstruction by including in indiscriminate censure a host of young Conservative members and the Home Rule faction which under the next Administration deliberately attempted to prevent the House of Commons from transacting any kind of business. Only a few days ago Mr. PARNELL, at one of his Land League meetings, avowed the object and method of his own system of obstruction. "There was a party," he said, "of independent opposition in the House of Commons, pledged, if necessary, utterly to disorganize and interfere with every business that might be transacted, as far as it was expedient or possible." Nothing of the kind was ever professed or attempted by the Conservative members whom Lord SHERBROOKE thinks fit to denounce. With irrelevant partisanship, Lord SHERBROOKE remarks that Mr. BUTT, who was the leader of the Home Rule party, had formerly been a Conservative. When he undertook the ostensible task of proposing the establishment of an Irish Legislature, Mr. BUTT had wholly dissolved his former party connexion; and for the purpose of the argument it was immaterial to inquire whether he was a Conservative, because he never practised nor encouraged obstruction. Before his death the more violent section of his nominal followers had repudiated his authority, and there is no doubt that, if he had lived two years longer, he would have been formally deposed. Mr. BUTT'S faults were not those with which Lord SHERBROOKE is at present concerned. Whatever may be thought of his character and career, he possessed cultivation and intellectual power which would have made the task of talking against time repugnant to his taste and inclination.

Mr. PARNELL and his adherents are, within or without the House of Commons, beyond the reach of argument and remonstrance. When they intentionally interrupt debates, when they keep their opponents sitting up all night, when they exhibit their peculiar manners by bringing food with them into the House, they display an impudence and a disregard for constitutional liberty of which there is no former precedent; but they are more innocently employed in impeding Parliamentary business than in promoting the murder of Irish peers and Irish process-servers. A civilized community may exist without Parliamentary discussion, but not in the absence of security for life and pro-

perty. It is probable that the execution by Mr. PARNELL of his threat of annoying the Liberal Government by the same methods with which he harassed their predecessors will render necessary some measure of the kind which Lord SHERBROOKE unwillingly recommends. It is not to be supposed that six hundred members of the House of Commons will permanently submit to the dictation of the remaining fifty or sixty; yet it must be remembered that in the worst cases obstruction has been supported by a few English members, including more than one member of the present Government. The House of Commons may perhaps devise new methods of silencing contumacious speakers, but the promoters of obstruction will even in their defeat have achieved part of their object by obliterating the ancient securities for Parliamentary freedom. The precedents which are cited by Lord SHERBROOKE are not wholly unobjectionable. The power of closing the debate has apparently not been habitually exercised in French Assemblies, except for the purpose of bringing on a division when it is considered by all parties convenient and seasonable. The American system of the previous question was greatly abused when the Republicans some years ago had undisputed control of the House of Representatives. The misdeeds of a small obstructive faction must not blind prudent legislators to the possible tyranny of an irresistible democratic majority. Lord SHERBROOKE has not forgotten the fatal promise, which will soon be redeemed, of admitting the mass of the county population to the exercise of the franchise. It is not improbable that the process of legislative change may be hereafter too rapid rather than too slow.

It is strange that so conscientious and consistent an opponent of democratic caprice as Lord SHERBROOKE should regard as a paramount advantage the provision of additional facilities for legislation. "We have passed two measures of first-rate importance during the late Session. How many might we have passed if we could obtain for the purposes of real business one half of the time which 'has been intentionally and deliberately wasted.' Four Bills of great importance—the Burials Bill, the Ground Game Bill, the Irish Disturbance Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill—passed the House of Commons, though, with the aid of Lord SHERBROOKE, one of them was rejected by the Lords. As the House also accepted without question a comprehensive scheme of finance proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be considered to have done enough for a Session beginning in June. No Government Bill seriously promoted was lost by lapse of time. It may be conjectured that Lord SHERBROOKE was not an enthusiastic supporter of one or two of the measures which were passed. In the next Session he will have the opportunity of considering English and Irish Land Bills which will scarcely coincide with his economical principles. The Census will perhaps furnish an excuse for deferring for one year more the revolutionary change of the franchise to which Lord SHERBROOKE for some years offered an honourable resistance. The actual majority is more impatient of opposition than any previous party in power; and, at the same time, members are more servile in obeying the mandates of their constituents. Lord SHERBROOKE calls attention to the uncontrolled sovereignty of the House of Commons, though he for the moment seems not to appreciate the dangers which it involves. The Athenians had not only water-clocks to limit the exuberance of orators, but writs or indictments for the punishment of demagogues who had carried unconstitutional laws. A Bill for the temporary or permanent abolition of rent might now be introduced and passed without risk of criminal proceedings against its authors. Impeachments are obsolete, even in the case of Ministers who acquiesce in the prevalence of anarchy.

SOUTH AUSTRIAN RAILWAYS.

RAILWAY returns are taken in England as the readiest and most accessible means of ascertaining how the general business of the country is going on. One line is looked to as the index of the iron trade, another as that of the amount which passengers can afford to spend on travelling. But it is not only the weekly fluctuations of traffic that are instructive. When at stated periods the whole operations of a great Company are summarized, groups of facts are brought to light which illustrate in many different and indirect ways the industrial progress of the

nation. When, for example, working expenses are compared with receipts, it may appear, as it lately has appeared, that a time of diminishing receipts may also be a time of diminishing expenses, because everything consumed can be bought at a less price. What applies to railways applies to the whole community, and it becomes evident that, while people generally are earning less, they are also paying less. There is evidently thus a mitigation of the distress that is stated to prevail. Of course every one knows in a vague way that prices have fallen, and that living has become cheaper; but the summary of the history of a railway for several months makes that definite which would otherwise be vague. It shows what, if a great number of operations are taken together, is the precise figure at which the reduction in the prices of articles of common consumption may be calculated. Then, again, if the capital account of a great Company is examined, we see on a scale which, if small as compared with the whole bulk of industrial enterprise, is still large enough to furnish a good example, what are the requirements of growing industry which active men with money at their command think must be met. A leading English Railway Company puts down extra lines of rail, thinks nothing of spending a quarter of a million on a new station, executes gigantic harbour-works, as at Holyhead, devises new steamers as at Folkestone, runs up a Gothic or Corinthian hotel as big as half-a-dozen inns of the old sort, and shows the public what in the future railway travelling is to be. Again, although in England the intrusion of the Government into the affairs of railways is much less active than in most Continental States, yet even here the Government acts on the railways to a degree sufficient to enable us to form some estimate of the effect of Government pressure on commercial enterprises. There may be a special tax on railways like the passenger tax, which the Government may be disposed to levy with greater rigour than has been previously customary, and the returns show what is the effect of the screw being put on. The Government, too, insists, in a fitful and not very efficacious way, on certain precautions being taken for the safety of the public, and so far as railways adopt these precautions we can learn the cost of adopting them. The greater the traffic the greater is the need of precautions being adopted, and we thus arrive at some notion of the limitations of profit and of the causes which prevent a big business being good in proportion to its bigness. There may, too, be a general measure passed like the Employers' Liability Bill of last Session. How it will really affect employers is a most interesting question, as to which no one can as yet do more than guess. Even after it begins to operate, it will be hard to judge of its general effect. We shall hear of this or that employer being made to pay; but it will be difficult to form any opinion how far the class of employers to which he belongs may be suffering, or may be avoiding suffering by greater watchfulness. In the case, however, of those vast employers, the Railway Companies, we shall know to a penny what they pay, and if their payments under this head diminish, we shall know the exact pecuniary value of increased vigilance.

What is true of English railways is true in a greater or less degree of Continental railways. There is no better means of ascertaining what is going on in a foreign country than to study the report of one of its leading railways. It is impossible to read such a report without getting some light on points so important as the current state of business, the general scale of prices, the preparations being made for future business, the pressure of the Government on industrial enterprise. The Report of the South Austrian Railways may serve as an example. The Company to which these railways belong had until lately two great systems, one in Austria and one in Northern Italy; but it has sold its Italian system to the Italian Government for a fixed annuity, and all that the Directors have to report as to this portion of the undertaking is that they cannot get some of the minor questions attending the purchase finally settled, because Italian Ministries change so fast that as soon as they begin to write to a Minister they are told he is out of office and they must address their letters to a new man. Their Report therefore deals with Austria only, and gives a report of the operations of the Company in Austria in 1879. There was, on the whole, a slight increase of gross receipts. In

one direction a diminution had to be met. In the preceding year the occupation of Bosnia had caused a great but temporary increase, and in 1879 this traffic had come to an end. The weather of last year was bad, and the Company had to lament the falling off in tourists which was inevitable in a wet summer. But the growth of business on the line from Vienna to Trieste more than made up for these shortcomings. The principal articles which contributed to this increase were wines, building materials, and petroleum. The exportation of wine from Hungary to France was favoured by the bad French crop; and it is not uninteresting to learn how, even in bad times, the French manage to supply us with the Gladstone Claret we love so well. At Vienna building operations were being carried on with great activity, and this caused a vigorous movement in the transport of all kinds of material. The use of petroleum seems rapidly increasing in Austria, and the Railway Company introduced through the two ports of Fiuma and Trieste one-half of the whole amount consumed in Austria and Hungary. The harvest was very bad, and this caused a general depression of business in the last half of the year. But still the increase in the new departments of traffic more than made up for the falling off in the old departments. Then, on the other hand, while traffic had on the whole increased, the expenses of working it had diminished, and by very nearly the same amount—something under 40,000*l.*—so that the total net revenue showed an advance of nearly two millions of francs, or 80,000*l.* It was the fall in the prices of articles of consumption, and the more skilful employment of materials and workmanship, that made this diminution of expenses possible.

Besides the general indications of the future of Austrian business afforded by the statements as to building in Vienna, the use of petroleum, and the shipping of Hungarian wine, the Report shows in what ways the Company is busying itself with the means of accommodating or stimulating business. It has finished laying a double line of railway from Vienna to Trieste, which may not seem a great feat to persons accustomed to English railways, but which in a minor Continental line shows a conspicuous advance. It has set up rolling mills of its own, and last year produced 10,000 tons of steel rails; and it can now make for itself all the materials of permanent way it needs, not only rails, but nuts and bolts, points and switches. It still, however, has to buy the new rolling-stock it may require. At Trieste it is busily engaged in providing increased accommodation by erecting new buildings, dredging the harbour, and constructing docks; and it may be noticed that the vast and increasing importance of Trieste to Vienna is a fact of very considerable importance in European politics. The pressure of the Government on the enterprise has shown itself in a manner highly disagreeable to the Company. For many years the Austrian Government has forborne to exact Income-tax from the Company. Every effort has been made to obtain a prolongation of the exemption from the tax; but the Government was inflexible, and from the 1st of January, 1880, ten per cent. Income-tax will have to be paid. The Company pays no dividend on its shares; but if it could pay a dividend, ten per cent. of its net profits on the Austrian part of its system would have to be deducted before the shareholders were paid. The interest on its obligations is, however, met out of its receipts, and after every expense, including that of the interest, had been met, there remained 150,000*l.*, which was carried to a reserve fund. A small part of the obligations of the Company are 5 per cent. obligations, and on these the Company will, according to the terms of its contract with the bondholders, pay Austrian Income-tax without being able to recover it. But on the great mass of its obligations, which are 3 per cent. obligations, it will recover what it pays to the Austrian Government, and, both the Italian and the Austrian Income-tax being taken into account, it will henceforth pay 13 instead of 15 francs yearly on a bond for 500 francs. This is a loss to the bondholder, not to the Company; but the Company will not entirely recompense itself for all it pays on account of the bondholders, and its net profits will in future be subjected to a heavy deduction. The effect, therefore, of this new pressure of the Austrian Government will be to postpone the date when the Company will pay dividends, and to lessen them when they are paid; and, although the Austrian Government may have been quite right in deciding that the

exemption should cease, the shareholders have a less bright prospect than they might have hoped for when they looked only to the increasing traffic and diminishing surplus of the Austrian lines.

JUVENILE CRIMINALS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S letter to the Mayor of MANCHESTER would be pathetic if its complaints were only a little more accurate. "In dealing with a matter of 'this kind it is,'" Sir WILLIAM thinks, "impossible to 'escape misunderstandings and even misrepresentations.'" The HOME SECRETARY certainly can speak with authority as to the facility which some persons find in misrepresenting their fellow-creatures, and after his correspondence with Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL he should also be a very fair expert in the matter of misunderstandings, at least as far as the law is concerned. However, Sir WILLIAM comforts himself by the thought that his is the fortune which "attends all serious reforms." The melancholy, broken only by fits of ardent reforming, which seems to have fallen on Sir WILLIAM since his supporters were outbribed at Oxford is touching enough. "When CLIFFORD cannot spare his friends a ——" characteristic expression, everybody knows the conclusion to be drawn. There is, however, one point on which even such a chastened worm as the right honourable member for Derby will turn. He has seen it stated that he had sent "a general circular to all the magistrates 'desiring that no child under fourteen years should be 'sent to prison.'" Sir WILLIAM is very anxious to prove that he did nothing of the kind, and, indeed, we fully acquit him of any such thing. His direct fault, as far as we have seen it or commented on it, is that he has recklessly reversed certain particular decisions, and has invited certain particular magistrates to break the law by inflicting illegal penalties. His indirect fault is that his action has led other magistrates, who naturally do not wish to expose at once themselves and the law to the indignity of having their sentences interfered with, to relinquish the only effectual means which the law puts in their power of checking juvenile criminals. We do not observe that he controverts any of these facts, or attempts to deny the mischievous effect they have had. Therefore we are not concerned to take any further notice of his interesting act of self-sacrifice, as certain religionists would call it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is certainly a surprising addition to the noble army of martyrs or confessors; but, if the attainment of some better system of punishment for youthful offenders is only to be bought at the price of his enrolment in the Calendar, we at least have not the slightest objection to the proceeding.

The meeting at Manchester which was held on Tuesday to consider the whole question was a much more important incident in the discussion. Lord DERBY was the chief speaker, and, whatever political objections may be taken to Lord DERBY, every one acquainted with the subject will admit that the LAUREATE'S line, "A quarter 'sessions chairman, abler none," eminently applies to him. Lord HOUGHTON, who has in Parliament taken a very prominent part in legislation, or attempted legislation, on the subject, followed, and several local magistrates, including the Bishop of MANCHESTER, swelled the voice of the meeting. Not the least significant statement made was one read from a letter written by Mr. KYNERSLEY, the stipendiary magistrate of Birmingham. Mr. KYNERSLEY remarked that girls gave little trouble to magistrates, because in case of offence people, instead of prosecuting them, simply turned them out of doors without a character. In other words, a much smaller proportion of juvenile criminals belong to the one sex than to the other. Yet we can hardly be mistaken in thinking that the average female criminal, even though she may have escaped what is in some quarters regarded as the indelible stigma of a sojourn in prison at an early age, turns out worse than the average male. This of itself would seem to show that the mere abolition of imprisonment will not solve the difficulty. Into this difficulty Lord DERBY entered at some length. He joins issue with those who hold—the HOME SECRETARY being to all appearance one of them—that a good sound flogging is an almost universal remedy for boyish wickednesses. Part of what Lord DERBY said was characterized by his usual impassive common sense. He

pointed out shrewdly enough, but probably to the disgust of some of his new Radical allies, that in the present age of shrieking, a single excessive flogging reported in the newspapers would probably lead to an agitation which would do away with a very useful punishment altogether. There can be no doubt of the fact, and it may be commended without further comment to the admirers of democracy, as the remark of one of whom, for a couple of years at any rate, they have not been able to speak favourably enough. It need only be added that the subsequent speech of Mr. AGNEW justified to the full Lord DERBY'S disagreeable hint. But we are very much disposed to differ with Lord DERBY as to his remarks about the inequality of corporal punishment. Of course there is an inequality about it, as there is about every kind of punishment that can be imagined. A night's solitary confinement without the power of summoning anybody would be to one child—even to one full-grown person—an exquisite and horrible torture, to another simply no punishment at all. Incarceration among criminals would in the same way be to one person, old or young, an indelible stigma, to another no more of a trouble than a sojourn at an uncomfortable hotel. No legislation can possibly provide for individual differences of this kind. But, as against Lord DERBY, we are inclined to think that for children between seven and fourteen or thereabouts corporal punishment, neither of excessive severity nor of excessive mildness, is about the most equal of punishments, and we feel certain that all qualified schoolmasters who have not been bitten with the ridiculous mania about personal dignity will bear us out. As for that mania, it is enough to say that the proudest classes of the very proudest nation that ever walked on the face of this earth have for centuries been accustomed to such punishment in youth. As for any other considerations, it is sufficient to say that, if the gaol or police surgeon did his duty, no harm could possibly arise. Magistrates, except in the imagination of half-penny Radical papers, are not, as a rule, fiends or fools, and generally take a great deal of trouble about their work; and we do not believe that, with the inevitable margin for accident, a large extension of the present laws authorizing corporal punishment would result in the slightest mischief.

No one, however, in his senses would recommend thrashing to the end of the chapter; because the penalty, though the most effective of all in its way, is perhaps the most likely of all to lose its force by repetition. There remains, therefore, the great Prison *v.* Reformatory debate, or rather the debate on Reformatory *v.* Reformatory preceded by Prison. The sentiment of the Manchester reformers, which Lord DERBY seems to a certain extent to share, is strongly in favour of the elimination of the prison stage altogether. We cannot quite concur in this. It must be remembered that the Reformatory system, occasionally admirable in its results, and occasionally very much the reverse, is in theory a very difficult one to defend. The State assumes a sudden guardianship of the individual—for whose good? If merely for his own, the inevitable difficulty which long ago puzzled Mr. CARLYLE arises. Why are scoundrels and the children of scoundrels to have this infinite advantage over honest children, the sons and daughters of honest men and women? We do not, perhaps we could not, make the parents of Reformatory children pay their expenses, and when we have made rate-payers or taxpayers pay them, we exact no kind of equivalent. It has been proposed that such an equivalent should be found in some years' compulsory service in the army; but to this, though there may be some not inconsiderable advantages about it, there are still more obvious objections. We want to make the army popular and respectable; and it certainly, according to modern ideas, is scarcely a reasonable way to go to work, to begin by sending more or fewer recruits into it with the brand of a kind of modified galley-slavery on them. On the other hand, it must be remembered that in the event of the establishment of corporal punishment as the almost invariable penalty (subject to the discretion of the magistrate) of a first, and perhaps of a second or third, offence, sentences of imprisonment, when actually passed, as we think they should be in the second stage of guilt, would deal with criminals who were to a certain extent hardened. The complaints now made about stifling innocence in its cradle, or whatever the phrase is, would have no application. At the same time, the penalty applied would be of a new kind,

and could be made sufficiently terrible. Hard lodging, scant diet, no amusements, and solitude for the whole or the greater part of the time are quite sufficient to produce a considerable impression on the youthful mind. If in its turn this proved useless, then there would no doubt be nothing for it but the Reformatory. The community would then be confronted with the fact that the small person before it was incorrigible by ordinary means, and that it must, at no small trouble and expense, take him or her in hand and endeavour by the only means left to turn the wastrel into a not wholly unprofitable citizen. But even then the assumption of such a duty by the State has so much in it that is unreasonable in itself, so much more that is incompatible with the whole system of modern social arrangements, that it ought to be resorted to with considerable reluctance. Not a few arguments of the ultra-reformatories at Manchester and elsewhere are reducible to the very simple proposition that it is the duty of the State to supply the place of the parent in every instance when that parent is unwilling to perform his own duty. The position is, of course, an intelligible one; but we should like to have it clearly stated for acceptance or rejection.

THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

THE austerity of the *Nineteenth Century* is relieved this month by Mr. Walter Pollock's lively article on Alexandre Dumas—the great novelist, not the immense moralist, his son. Mr. Pollock's paper is full of amusing *Dumasiana* and anecdotes of the author of the *Three Musketeers*. The criticism chiefly illustrates that wonderful exuberance, rapidity, and vivacity of good-humoured fancy which made perhaps the best part of Dumas's talent. There never was an imagination so fertile in resource and in invention of situations. Dumas could not be dull; he could not tell the simplest anecdote without making his characters live and supplying them with what lady-novelists would call a wealth of dialogue. There is something melancholy in the contrast between his successful audacity, his luxuriance of ideas, his prodigality of incident, and the timidity of modern novelists. What has become of the old melodramatic vein in fiction and the drama? Why does no one any longer dare, or why is no one any longer able, to lead us panting at the heels of adventurers like Porthos, Athos, and Aramis? What has become of romance, in short, and why is a good stirring tale of cloak and sword, of battles and escapes, so rare in modern English fiction? Have captive maidens, and injured virtue, and gallant chivalry ceased to interest, and does ferocious and picturesque villainy slumber in the tomb of Front de Boeuf? These things are, and always have been, the staple of romance and melodrama. If they are out of fashion, it is only for the moment, and perhaps the prevalent taste for analysis, perhaps the whole "psychological" school of novels, may prove to be evanescent.

The fiction of all times down to our own was really in the melodramatic style. The ancient Greek novels were anecdotes of adventure strung on a slender thread of love story. Hero and heroine were constantly in the direst straits, and exposed to all the tribulations from robbers, pirates, storms, and sea, and fire, which befel that old woman in *Candide* who was the daughter of a Pope. The action was always vehement, the situations were constantly changing, the interest of the reader was constantly on the stretch. The whole of literary experience proves that, though there is room for other schools of fiction—for the reflective, the humorous, the sentimental—yet stories of adventure have the most permanent hold on the taste of men and women. If we look below the level of the circulating library, we find that the novels of the class which does not read the *Nineteenth Century* are all romances. No hero need apply who is not a true heir kept out of his own, or a foundling, or an earl in disguise; while the heroine, if she is not the lovely daughter of a duke, is the no less beautiful, and even more virtuous, progeny of a miller, or a stoker, or an honest but comic plumber. By aid of the passions of ladies and gentlemen living and loving in such social heights and depths, the author easily contrives situations such as rarely occur in common life. And this is the essence of romance. "Adventures are to the adventurous," wrote Ixion in the album of a goddess. But most of us, not being adventurous, like to have our adventures done by proxy, and love to read of what we are too respectable to undertake. Hence the popularity of romance, which gives to every subscriber to the *London Journal* many an hour of crowded life, while the family dinner is left to take care of itself, and the babies tumble downstairs.

The immense, the incalculable popularity of melodramatic romance among people who are not literary demonstrates the unaffected naturalness of the taste for tales full of adventure. In these, as we have said, the novel began, and it is only for a time, in all probability, that novelists can neglect the simple and effective systems of Dumas and Scott, and, on occasion, of Balzac. These two latter masters were, of course, much more than mere writers of romance. The humour and poetry of one, the science and analysis of the other, were often only additional ornaments to

stories of romantic incident and situation. These great novelists knew that events and adventures are essential to the maintenance of any prolonged and popular interest in fiction. The taste, too, of the many men of action and of genius who have been great novel-readers proves that the love of romance is not merely the passion of nurserymaids and milliners. No one ever read more novels than Napoleon. He was difficult to please, and used to toss volume after volume out of his carriage-window, till the road from Madrid to Moscow was strewn with fugitive fragments of light French literature. It was adventure that he cared for, and it was the adventures that amused Macaulay, even in the silly story where he noted that the heroine fainted some twenty-nine times in the course of her passionate experience. Thackeray, too, who was not prodigal in incident, revelled in Dumas's tales; and, as Mr. Pollock remarks, paid them a very handsome compliment. Probably most people have observed in their own experience the voracity, unequalled by schoolgirl or sempstress, with which men of great mental force devour novels in their intervals of leisure. Gaboriau or Xavier de Montépén provides their favourite reading, and they live a kind of double life, at a tremendous pace, in the adventures of omniscient policemen, of prodigious villains, of dukes who have an unhappy knack of committing murders in low cabarets. This exercise of the fancy is found to be wonderfully restful and refreshing. Like the amusements of golf and lawn-tennis, it entirely abstracts the mind from the cares and troubles of the actual world, and may of course be enjoyed when physical pastimes are impossible or inconvenient. Now it is plain enough that the ordinary English novel, even when it is a good one, does not afford us this kind of relief. It does not rest the mind, nor remove the thoughts from the anxieties of every-day experience. The modern novel rather reproduces these, and, if a reader has a sentimental remorse or a sentimental sorrow (which few escape), recalls it to him or her, till the old wound throbs uncomfortably. There is an admirable study by Mr. Henry James, of a modern girl's heart, at present being published in a magazine, which is positively cruel. One might as well go to witness vivisection as read this story with the hope of getting away from this weary world and escaping into a realm of delightful romance. Dumas and Scott, and very few later writers, have "the key of the happy golden land" where more heads than hearts are broken, where the hero's intentions are strictly honourable, and his strength is as the strength of ten, while his enemies go down like ninepins.

What is the cause of the decadence of romance? It is unnecessary to repeat truisms about our introspective, scientific, analytic age. Science, analysis, introspection—these are our malady. There is another cause of the decline of stories of adventure. We have become very provincial, and are interested beyond all reason in the petty details of our own modern existence. Novels must be written, like newspaper articles, up to the newest fashions of the hour, and they are all the better liked if they contain some reference to contemporary scandal, or some personal satire on people of contemporary notoriety. Now the nineteenth century is not precisely an epoch of adventure. The novelists of the beginning of the age saw this, and they took refuge in the historical novel. When gentlemen wore swords and travelled on horseback, when highwaymen were common, and when the police force did not exist—still more when robber barons could carry off captive maidens to their towers—there was room for the romance of adventure. "Anything might happen under the Plantagenets," says Miss Braddon; and under the Tudors, the Stuarts, or at any time up to the French Revolution, there was ample playing-ground for the writer of fiction. But now the historical novel is thoroughly out of fashion. Perhaps the authors are partly to blame. They wore out their machinery. They would insist on beginning with a booted traveller who arrives at a hostelry and does ample justice to a pasty and a flagon of claret or a pot of sack. The love affairs became too obvious, the adventures were supplied at much too slight an expense of imagination. Then the historical critics of this iron time came down on the novelist. A German musical critic (of all people) has been known to remark that "Scott knew nothing of the middle ages." This kind of remark shows the nature of the critical spirit. An historical novel is read as if it were, or ought to be, as gravely learned as a treatise by Professor Stubbs. Indeed the young American reviewer who has recently "found out" the gross carelessness of the mere European Stubbs would not be at all satisfied with that measure of accuracy. Now novelists seldom know more of the middle ages than Scott did, and, being aware of this, they avoid that enchanted period in which cloaks and swords, witches, robbers, knights, and ladies passed through delightful adventures. To be sure some of our historians, in revenge, have many of the charms of style and all the freedom of fancy once peculiar to the novelist. Thus our science, and our love of modern gossip, which we call "realism," and our languor, and our dandified historical accuracy, all make against romance of the old exuberant sort. Among modern English writers Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu was almost the last who held his readers with the romantic spell. He had the art of making the blood run cold, and could render a "mad doctor" as terrific as any recreant robber knight. He had also the true daring, the well-directed audacity, of the romance-writer. The apparition of the devil in *Morley Court* is very well arranged, and recalls Wandering Willie's inimitable story in *Redgauntlet*. Speaking of this author reminds one that his *Uncle Silas* might be dramatized into a most powerful melodrama. The characters are strikingly marked. Mr. Irving, in

silvery locks, would make an admirable polite old murderer, with occasional bursts of passion. We can think of no lady on the English stage who has such natural advantages as Mme. Jounissain for acting the rôle of the grotesque French governess, but the part is obviously a telling one. The minor characters—Dudley, the bumpkin villain, and his sister—would be almost new to the stage, and the incidents, culminating with the terrific murder and the escape, are only too strong. But melodrama on the stage seems to be slumbering, like romance in fiction; and when it wakes it confuses itself with the "realistic" drama, and invites the public to go and see the very same machine as that which ought to have blown up the Czar's yacht, but has not—as yet. We are too intellectual and too languid to be thus easily aroused. So novelists and managers appear to think, though it is quite possible that a really good romance or melodrama might be as popular as ever.

GOTHAM-BY-LONDON.

IT is probable that even in the original Gotham the population was not exclusively composed of the "wise men," and therefore the inhabitants of the village of Tottenham need not feel individually affronted by the title which has been set at the head of this article. It must already have struck many persons that the book of the Chronicles of Gotham has lost considerably in interest and piquancy by the fact of School Boards not having been invented when it was compiled. As an ordinary Board is to an intelligent man, so is a School Board for the most part to an ordinary Board. But the Tottenham School Board deserves the credit of having added another step to the climax of proportion. As an ordinary School Board is to an ordinary Board of another variety, so, it would appear, is the Tottenham School Board to the rest of its kind. Perhaps it would be fair to take it as a sort of ideal School Board, a more exact copy of the archetype than has elsewhere been reached. Tottenham is already a place of some fame, though to most men it suggests only Tottenham Court Road (which, in truth, is a sufficient distance from it) and artistic furniture made by machinery. There is also the Tournament of Tottenham for those who happen to be imbued with literature. But, on the whole, like Gibbon in the matter of the pedigree of the house of Fielding, we should be disposed to charge Tottenham to consider its School Board as the brightest illustration of its history. In the order of nature, School Boards change their constitution, being altered by fantastic legal regulations, and by the caprice of their constituents; but it is obviously impossible that the inhabitants of Tottenham can ever have a better School Board than that which they now possess, or at least than the representative majority of that which they possess. There are spots in the sun, and there is a dark star among the Pleiades, nor do the members of the Tottenham School Board all shine with the same lustre. But the majority is, after all, the principal and master thing in these days; and the majority of the Tottenham School Board is beyond the reach of calumny. There are other majorities just now, in other deliberative and administrative bodies, which are also great and wonderful; but they are scarcely so great or so wonderful as the majority of the Tottenham School Board. This majority we now sing, or rather speak in plain prose, for reasons which Mr. Carlyle has expressed with excellent distinctness.

Within the jurisdiction of the Tottenham School Board is situated the Alexandra Palace, and at the Alexandra Palace many children of more or less tender years are employed, some in theatrical performances, some in other ways. This wickedness has attracted the wrath of Gotham, and the Clerk of the School Board has visited the Manager of the Palace, and has been "peremptory with him and passing short." The result of this was a letter which was read at the meeting of the wise men on last Thursday week. It has appeared in print, but cannot be too often printed for the edification of mankind. Thus it ran:—

SIR.—The Manager of the Alexandra Palace has given my three children, Elizabeth Vincent (12), Charles Vincent (10), and Thomas Vincent (5), notice to leave at once, and will not keep them on without a note from you. Would you please to let them stay three weeks longer, that I may get some money to buy them boots, otherwise they must go without them? I asked the Master of the Board School at Wood Green would he let the boy come half-time, but he refused. This I consider very hard. My husband has only earned 3s. in the last ten weeks. The children having been in private schools have not passed the Standards, otherwise I am sure they would be free.—Yours respectfully, JANE VINCENT.

The only comment necessary for the historical comprehension of this is that there is a by-law allowing half-time in the case of children "beneficially employed," if they produce certain certificates, which the little Vincents, having been under the instruction of no person qualified to give them, could not obtain. This and other formal information having been laid before the Areopagus of Gotham—as the Gotham reporters would very likely describe it—solemn debate was held. It is sad to have to record that the first note struck was one of weakness. Mr. Rees—a Vice-Chairman too—remarked that the Board might show a little leniency—as if leniency and School Boards had anything to do with one another. So, too, thought the Rev. Dr. Morris, whom, without the least authority to do so, we should much like to identify with the scholar to whom all students of English owe so much. The Rev. Dr. Morris appears to be a person singularly out of place among his colleagues, for he is not only a

merciful man, but one endowed with practical good sense. He suggested that the three weeks asked for by Mrs. Vincent should be allowed, and that the Board should then do what it thought proper. At this point in the debate the wisdom of Gotham burst through the clouds which had obscured it. Mr. Robins "thought that it would be a very bad precedent." But whether he thought it a bad precedent that the youth of Gotham should be booted instead of bootless during the winter we are not quite certain. The Clerk "had known cases where the children were sent to work in order that the parents might remain idle; but he did not for a moment suggest that this was such a case." But Mr. Robins and the Clerk were soon eclipsed by the Rev. Mr. McSorley. We do not happen to know of what denomination the Rev. Mr. McSorley is an ornament; we wish we did. He thought "it would be a most disastrous thing, just after the Board got into working order, for them to begin to make concessions." There is a faint reminiscence here of the speech of another clerical gentleman famous in history, that learned clerk upon whom Mr. Pickwick was chummed in the Fleet, and who regretted the prospect of altering arrangements "just as they had got everything nice and comfortable." But Mr. McSorley had more to offer than this suggestion that, as the fists of the Board were in such capital order, it ought to pitch into somebody. He had special reasons. He had heard that "one young child came on as Mr. Gladstone, another as Lord Beaconsfield, and a third as Napoleon Bonaparte." Whether this trio is to be identified with the three little Vincents or not, Mr. McSorley did not say. If it be so, it would be interesting to know the distribution of the parts between Elizabeth, aged twelve, Charles, aged ten, and Thomas, aged five. However, the reverend gentleman had apparently no fault to find directly with the cast. He thought "they ought to be learning to spell, instead of being allowed to represent such exalted individuals, the doing of which would puff them up with such notions of their own superiority that they would come to the conclusion that they could do without education altogether." Mr. McSorley evidently has a very high idea as to the actor's faculty of identifying himself with the characters he represents. But his argument, looked at from another side, certainly amounts to *scandalum magnatum*, for it distinctly insinuates that Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Napoleon Bonaparte did without education altogether, which is not only injurious, but unwholesome. However, Mr. McSorley came down from these altitudes to a practical remark. He was "strongly opposed to the slightest leniency being shown in the matter." Boots or no boots, the three little Vincents should go to school, even though it was not in evidence that the two eldest at least were not sufficiently educated already. *C'était son bon plaisir*. Mr. Rees persevered in his ridiculous and maudlin appeals for leniency, but it was no good. The Tottenham School Board was true to itself, and Mrs. Vincent was informed that her children must go bootless, and that it was a high crime and misdemeanour for them to help their parents or themselves. Indeed the Rev. Mr. McSorley would probably say that six shillings a week, the average earnings of Vincent père, is ample for a family of five; there is a shilling a week per head, and an extra shilling for contingencies, including boots. To ask for more under these circumstances would doubtless be wasteful and "ridiculous excess," to use the words of an author who, from Mr. McSorley's point of view, has made thousands of persons represent exalted individuals to the great detriment of their moral tone.

Now we are by no means concerned to defend the principle of making children at an early age earn money, either by theatrical or any other performances. We had much rather that Elizabeth and Charles and Thomas (especially Thomas) were making mud pies, or diverting themselves in any other fashion delightful to childhood and revolting to persons like the Rev. Mr. McSorley. Further, it is to be observed that the augustness and importance of education are matters which do not enter into this question at all. No evidence was produced to show that the little Vincents were in such a state of ignorance as to be dangerous to the nation at large—we believe that is the argument—unless their brains were promptly filled at the expense of their stomachs and their toes. No evidence was produced to show that there was the slightest misconduct on the part of the Vincent parents. If any wicked literary person had produced Mrs. Vincent's letter, it would have been extolled as a triumph of art, and, as the Tottenham School Board's paid Devil's Advocate does not in the least impugn its facts, we suppose it may be taken as a triumph, not of art, but of nature. What the Tottenham School Board wish us to believe is that the law positively forbids them to exercise their discretion, which, if it did, it would perhaps in the circumstances as shown by this case be a wise law. Three weeks' absence from the invaluable instruction which, as Lord Norton tells us, eradicates the evil habit of speaking of white of egg and substitutes an elegant custom of saying "halbümen," is no doubt a grievous loss. But, considering the six shillings a week and the coming winter, it is just possible that men less wise and good than the Gothamites might have felt their bowels of compassion moved. But a School Board has no bowels, and in the case of this particular School Board the deficiency can hardly be said to be compensated by a superfluity of brains. For Mr. McSorley's great argument of precedent is, it is needless to say, mere nonsense. The very reason of a School Board's existence—if it has any reason—is that particular cases may be judged on their particular merits. To argue, however, with the Rev. Mr. McSorley would be as though one should present a pair of boot-

books to Master Charles Vincent. He would be a wholly delightful person, to be carefully cherished and preserved for a place in some new "Nest of Ninnies," if it were not for the awkward fact that the existence of the little Vincents is suggested by him. The virtue of the Rev. Mr. McSorley, his sternly logical mind, and his anxiety that a machine in such excellent working order as the Tottenham School Board should go to work vigorously, have deprived these young persons of boots, and have probably curtailed very considerably their rations of bread. It is rather hard that Elizabeth and Charles and Thomas should have to pay with chilblains and an aching void about their central regions for the addition of the Rev. Mr. McSorley to our cabinet of curiosities. He is a great addition, no doubt, and we can only suggest that he should be at once invited to join a company of New Testament revisionists. There are a great many texts which, on McSorleian principles, must be hopelessly wrongly rendered in the present Authorized Version, and his counsel and advice would be invaluable in the Jerusalem Chamber. To go from Christian to Pagan associations, we cannot help wondering what would have happened if Mr. McSorley's name had been Marcus Sorelius, and if he had lived at Faleri in the days of one Camillus. That Dictator would probably have furnished the little Vincents with large pairs of boots, well clumped and hobnailed, and would then—but the picture is altogether too shocking to complete.

AN EARLY ITALIAN GUIDE-BOOK.

IN the last years of the Commonwealth, or the first of the Restoration, one Richard Lassels "travelled through Italy five times," if we may take his word for it, "as tutor to several of the English nobility and gentry." His observations were copious and diligent, and were collected in the form of a book. For some reason they were not printed till 1670, after the author's death; and then at Paris, for reasons which are easily guessed when one has looked far enough into the book to discover that Mr. Lassels was a Romanist of the purest Ultramontane water. This, too, throws a light on his many journeys, which seem to argue what is likely enough in itself, that Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen in England then had but a limited choice of competent tutors of their own faith and country. The work is professedly a guide-book and nothing else, and must be a tolerably early specimen of its kind. Its full title is as follows:—"The Voyage of Italy, or a Compleat Journey through Italy. In Two Parts. With the Characters of the People, and the Description of the chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues, and Antiquities. As also of the Interest, Government, Riches, Force, &c., of all the Princes. With Instructions concerning Travel." The instructions are naturally something out of date; but the modern reader may extract a pretty good evening's amusement from the pages of this odd little duodecimo. Not that its amusing qualities are due to any particular merit on Lassels's part. Indeed it must be confessed that he is in the main a dull, frigid, and pedantic writer enough; and when he gets to the description of a city his passion for churches and relics amounts to a monomania. But he is laughable by his very gravity, and by a certain quaint incongruity of style. He affects curious and unaccustomed words; Campania is "autonomastically *felix*"; the Turks are "analphabet rogues"; a gentleman should acquire "a chirozomy, or decent acting with his hands, which may humor his words gravely and freely, yet not affectedly or mimically." At the same time he is fond of proverbial and familiar turns of speech. He tells us that we may go to Italy "by land from Lyons through *Switzerland*, the *Grisons* Country, and the *Valtoline*, and so pop up at *Brescia*." We are still more surprised at coming on what we had innocently supposed to be a piece of quite modern slang. At Genoa Lassels makes mention of "the *Strada Nova* here, which for a spirt surpasseth all the streets I ever saw anywhere else for neatness and proportion; and"—he adds, as if to put his meaning beyond all possible mistake—"if it had but breath enough to hold out at the same rate a little longer, it would be the true *Queen-street* of Europe." Of the church of the Annunciation in the same city he says, in a graphic phrase which has now gone out of use, that it "draweth up the Ladder after it for neatness." Having thus met with "neatness" twice already, we may remark that "neat" is Lassels's favourite epithet. Marseilles has a most neat haven, and Zürich a neat arsenal; and by the time we come to Rome and St Peter's it is almost a surprise to find that something above neatness is possible, since "that noble structure" is described as not being "neat only, like a spruce gallery." "Neat," in fact, appears to have been in the latter part of the seventeenth century as general and serviceable an epithet in polite conversation, at least in the society frequented by Mr. Lassels, as "nice" is in the latter part of the nineteenth.

The general instructions, such as they are, are contained in "A preface to the reader, concerning travelling." There is an entire absence of the kind of information we nowadays expect of our guide-books as to prices, currency, modes of conveyance, and the like; but to make up for this there is plenty of moral disquisition about the uses of travelling. In the first pages of the book itself, however, some details of Italian manners are given, for the most part with the obvious intention of commending them as a model. Throughout the work, indeed, Italy is treated as the pattern and

centre of the civilized world; and, after allowing for Lassels's Ultramontanism, his witness is still worth something as showing how powerful the tradition of the Renaissance still was. This saying is quoted, among other things, with the name of Charles V.:—"The French appear not wise, but are wise; the Spaniards appear wise, but are not wise; the Dutch neither appear wise, nor are wise; the Italians only both appear wise and are wise." If this is the true first form of the saying, and its origin is really Spanish, it is curious that the Dutch had already converted it to their own use with a changed intention; for, among the thousand and one proverbs, distichs, and so forth, collected in the works of Jacob Cats, a contemporary of Lassels, we find the contrast of nations in this form:—"The Spaniard looks wise, but he is not. The Frenchman looks a fool, but he is not. The Italian looks wise, and so he is. The Portuguese looks a fool, and so he is." There is a paragraph on the religion of the Italians which leaves no doubt as to Lassels's own persuasion. "As for their Religion," he says, "it's purely that which other countries call by the name Catholique, and which in England they commonly call the Religion of the Papists"; and he sets forth in a sentence long and clumsy even for him that well-instructed Catholics do not much mind being called Papists, as the name does not come (among other things) "from any Sectary meeting-place, as Hugonots from the Gate of Hugo in Tours in France, near unto which they met privately at first to teach and dogmatize." This derivation of Huguenot is not much worse than the more commonly known one from *Eidgenossen*. Quite lately the much simpler suggestion has been made, and is likely enough to be right, that it is nothing but a contemptuous form of Hugh; compare the *Jacquerie*, the English "Jack of all trades," "jackanapes," and the like, the Anglo-Indian "Tommy Atkins," and the use of Hodge as a typical name (though it is not really common) in a certain sort of English literature.

Before describing Italy itself in detail, our instructor gives a general view of the ways of going there. Once he went by Lyons and Marseilles, and by sea to Genoa. At Fontainebleau he was much taken with the "rare ponds of water" in which "are conserved excellent Carps, some whereof were said to be an hundred years old." He sees the fish fed, and moralizes over the struggle for existence. "Its an ordinary divertisement here, to throw an half-penny loaf into the moat among the Carps, and to see how they will mumble and jumble it to and fro; how others will puff and snuff, and take it ill not to have part of it, and how, in fine, they will plainly fall to blows and fight for it. You would wonder how such hot passions should be found in cold water; but everything that lives will fight for that which makes it live, its Vitals." At Lyons one of the chief sights is "the rare Cabinet of Monsieur Servier, a most ingenious gentleman," containing a variety of those mechanical nicknacks which were so much to the taste of the time, such as "the Mouse-dyal, where a little thing, like a mouse, by her insensible motion, marks the hours of the day . . . the Oval Dyal, in which the needle that marks the hours shrinketh in, or stretcheth out it self according as the oval goes." But still greater delight was found by Lassels in the artificial waterworks of Italian villas. He is never tired of the contrivances he calls "wetting sports," by which the weight of the unwary visitor, walking or sitting as the case might be, let loose a shower-bath upon him. Thus at Pratolino, near Florence, "you have the Grotte of Cupid with the wetting-stooles, upon which, sitting down, a great Spout of water comes full in your face. The Fountain of the Tritons overtakes you so too, and washeth you soundly." In the garden of Montalto at Rome "you see a round table of a blewish stone, upon which the arms of the house of Montalto are engraven, at which, while you gaze anxiously and near at hand, the gardiner, by pressing his foot upon a low iron pump under the table, presseth out water on all sides of that round table, and welcometh the strangers that come to see his garden"; and elsewhere in the garden there was other "store of wetting sports" not specifically described. The villa Aldobrandina at Frascati is extolled for "curious fountains, cascades, and other delightful waterworks"; and "the rare cascade" has a whole paragraph to itself. Evidently "cascade" did not yet exist as a naturalized English word; some other words, too, which we have imported from Italy, such as "cupola," seem to be regarded by Lassels as still foreign. "These waters also afford innumerable and unavoidable wetting places," and a great hydraulic organ ends its performance by "playing terribly" on the audience. It is curious to think of noblemen of classical education and polished taste filling their grounds with elaborate "booby-traps" for their guests—the childishness of the subject-matter must excuse a piece of school slang—and still more curious that it seems to have passed for an admirable combination of artistic and mechanical ingenuity with refined practical humour. But we have anticipated Mr. Lassels's course; we left him at Lyons. At Vienne he stops to repeat the legend of Pontius Pilate having killed himself there, with precisely the same matter-of-fact air and apparent freedom from doubt as his own observation of the lack of ornament in the Cathedral. This is but a mild specimen of Lassels's omnivorous faith; the utmost condescension he ever makes to scepticism is, when he relates anything peculiarly incredible, to vouch Baronius to warranty; the "omniscious Baronius," as he calls him, "who read almost all that other men had written, and wrote more almost than other men can read."

Another time Lassels, coming again by Lyons, made for Italy by way of Geneva and the Simplon. He speaks of the Lake of

Genera as "absolutely the fairest I have seen"—for a wonder it is not "neat"—and he tells a curious anecdote of a stranger who in a hard winter rode several miles on the Lake, taking it for a large plain; and, on being informed of the truth, "reflecting upon the danger he had been in, fell down dead with the conceit of it." Cretinism was as rife then in the Velais as it has been in later times, if not more so; in Lassels's phrase, "they have many natural fools here"; he thinks it probable "that the climates that are most agitated with winds produce more fools than other climates do"; an hypothesis which may have been founded on some crude physiological fancy of the wind getting into the brain. As to the Simphon when it served in its ancient estate of a bridle-path as "one of the great staircases of Italy," the journey appears to have been uncomfortable and the accommodation bad. Of Alpine scenery, it is almost needless to say, there is not a word in Lassels's account; it was not discovered for a good century after his time.

When we are fairly on Italian ground with Lassels, he becomes more prolix as he approaches Rome, and consequently less entertaining; once in the Eternal City, he drags us relentlessly through a bewildering catalogue of churches. He professes to be a scholar, but his scholarship was apparently neither exact nor brilliant. He quotes with only one remark the following epitaph on the English Cardinal Adam, who died at Rome in 1397:—

Artibus iste pater famosus in omnibus Adam,
Theologus summus Cardinalisque erat.

(For, *Fuit*, Lassels notes in the margin):—

Anglia cui patriam, titulum dedit ista Beata
Edes Cæcilie, morsque suprema Polum.

We need hardly point out to any of our readers that this versification goes near to excel in all seriousness any of the grotesque inventions of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. "Theologus summus Cardinalisque erat" may stand proudly beside "docti eucullatique viri." The inscription on the Columna Rostrata, which tells in honour of Duilius how "classes navales primus ornaret," and how he overcame the whole strength of Carthage "in altod marid," is petulantly dismissed—"we crave pardon of philologists for repeating Lassels's bad language—as 'scurvey old Latin.'" "I found," he continues, "it spoke of a Sea Victory won over the Carthaginians, and of Duilius; and I cared for no more, because *Livy*, in better *Latin*, tells me the rest." After all, one could hardly expect anything else from a generation of Englishmen who regarded Chaucer's language as unintelligible, if not "scurvey old" English, and thought Shakespeare already out of date. On visiting Cicero's reputed tomb Lassels delivers himself of an exceeding grievous conceit, which for its absolute badness deserves to be reproduced:—"There are no words upon his Tomb; of which if you ask me the reason, I can only tell you, that either words in prose could not speak, their *Tully* being dead; or verses would not, out of envy, praise him, who had made prose so famous." As a piece of deliberate and frigid bad taste this is indeed consummate, subtle, supreme, and whatever else of precious and exquisite laudation modern criticism has invented. Lassels's appreciation of works of art seems to have been much on a level with his scholarship. He bestows conventional praise on the works of the great Italian masters when they come in his way; but his heart was in "rarities" and water-works, and still more in relics. He shows some curiosity about military inventions. In the Little Arsenal at Venice he describes a variety of strange firearms, and an armoury specially arranged for sudden alarms, with a contrivance for lighting sufficient matches for all the muskets at once. In the great arsenal a sort of chain-shot is spoken of, apparently as a new device; "a dangerous invention in sea battles to spoil cordage and tackling." Lassels's eyes found little time to occupy themselves with scenery, though Naples did make an exceptional impression on him. There he went up to the Carthusian monastery of St. Martin, and "had as fine a prospect as *Europe* can afford, not excepting that of *Greenwich*, thought by *Barclay* the best prospect in *Europe*." His knowledge of history and the manners of men in different lands must have been of a narrow sort, for when he visited a synagogue in Rome he was much shocked at the Jews keeping on their hats; "but," he adds, by way of accounting for this pretty well known point of Oriental observance, "they are Arch-clowns, and their fowl towels, at the entrance into their Synagogues, told me as much."

As for anecdote and incident, it would be difficult to find a book of travels more barren of them. The nearest approach to an adventure is the account of some trouble with Customs officers at Fundi, on a return journey from Naples to Rome, which is emphasized in the margin by the warning—"Take heed of the gabellers of Fundi." The Italian Governments of that day seem to have entertained grave objections—in consequence, no doubt, of the "mercantile theory" of the wealth of nations—to the current coin of the country being carried away by travellers beyond a small fixed amount. Lassels does not fail to draw a moral:—

This is to learn my traveller to be inquisitive in all his journeys, of the Laws of the Country where he travelleth, especially such obvious ones as concern public passages, bridges, ferries, bearing of arms, and the like; the knowledge of which customs will make him avoid many inconveniences, which I have known others fall into.

But the traveller is not the less left to pick up this knowledge as best he can. Nowadays we run into the other extreme, and for the most part are so puffed up with our guide-books as to disdain local inquiry altogether; whereby, if we do not fall into

actual inconveniences, we lose many occasions of extending our knowledge of men and things. Of Montefiascone, "famous for excellent *Muscatoello wine*," Lassels tells a story which we do not remember to have seen anywhere else, and which is a fair specimen of a mediæval Joe Miller; and as it is one of Lassels's liveliest passages, we will give him the benefit of concluding this notice with it. We have already seen enough of his spelling, punctuation, and italics, and therefore print this extract according to present usage:—

This wine is famous for having killed a Dutchman here who drank too much of it. The story is true and thus. A Dutchman of condition travelling through Italy sent his man before him always, with a charge to look out the inns where the best wine was, and there write upon the wall of the inn the word *est*, that is to say, Here it is. The servant coming hither a little before his master, and finding the wine excellently good, wrote upon the wall *est, est, est*, signifying thereby the superlative goodness of this wine. The master arrives, looks for his man's handwriting, and finding three *ests* is overjoyed. In he goes, and resolves to lie there; and he did so indeed; for here he lies still, buried first in wine, and then in his grave. For drinking too much of this good wine he died here, and was buried by his servant in a church here below the hill, with this epitaph upon his tomb, made by the same servant:—*Propter est, est, est, herus meus mortuus est.*

THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

THIS Institution, founded for the purpose of providing a professional home or centre where the two Services might meet on common ground, combining for the promotion of naval and military art, science, and literature, is about completing the fiftieth year of its existence. It will be interesting to inquire what progress it has made since its formation in 1831; whether it has fulfilled the objects of its foundation; and how its prospects look at the present time. To judge by the yearly average number of visitors, the home of the Institution in Whitehall Yard, despite its central situation, cannot be considered a popular resort. Indeed we believe its existence is unknown even to many Londoners. We might have expected that, with the prolonged successful extension of the Volunteer movement, and the consequent impulse given to the general cultivation of a patriotic tone of feeling, the Institution would have gained immensely in popular favour. More than this, we might have anticipated that the noise of the near thunder of war, bursting over neighbouring countries and rolling towards our own shores, would have led thousands of persons to take an intelligent interest in all that relates to our glorious naval and military traditions, and to the measures taken for their effective maintenance in the future. This has not been altogether the case. It seems to have been a mistake to suppose that the logic of the bitter lessons read to Austria and to France, and in a minor degree to Russia during the late war and to Turkey also, would be comprehended by the English people at large. It is scarcely too much to say that, looking at the number of professional subscribers to the Institution, the extent of sale of the journals published by its Council, and the average number of visitors, we can measure pretty accurately the interest taken generally in the great question of our day—namely, the condition of efficiency of our naval and military forces. We do not hesitate to call this the question of the time, because, though not so regarded by a considerable class in this country, it is abundantly recognized as such in other countries having less to lose than we have. Let us look a little ahead. Ten years have all but passed since the conclusion of peace between Germany and France. Before another decade has elapsed, should no great war supervene to disturb their calculations, the French will be found wielding—if we take into consideration their great and growing wealth—a more stupendous engine of war than it could have entered into the imagination even of a Napoleon to conceive. If peace is preserved, Russia will by that time be scarcely less formidable, at any rate by land; and Germany, if inferior to France both in the resources of her soil and as a naval Power, will, in the multitude and efficiency of her battalions, be quite on a par with either her Eastern or Western rival. We might go on to speak of Austria, or of Italy, but we have said enough. With each and all of these Powers the question of the day is, how many men can they turn into soldiers and sailors, and how can they best convert them into formidable instruments of war? With an influential section of our own community the question is very different. It is, how can we divest ourselves of our responsibilities? how can we save money? how can we substitute a cheap philanthropy for expensive patriotism? One of our ablest public men lately declared his conviction—and, we fear, with too much truth—that it would require nothing less than a national calamity to make us thoroughly realize the altered circumstances of nations, and the changed methods of war.

But, to come to the subject immediately before us, let us ask how is it that, after fifty years' important services rendered to the nation by the Institution of which we are speaking, that Institution is left almost entirely to support itself as best it can? The Government grant—only obtained in 1864—amounts to but 600*l.* per annum. Out of that some 20*5*l. has to be paid for ground-rent, and 16*5*l. for rates and taxes. Fuel, lighting, insurance, and repairs often swallow up more than the remainder of the grant; while the total annual expenses of the Institution, when other items of outlay are added, amount on an average to 4,500*l.* or more. Even the building itself the members only hold on sufferance. Though it seems to be an understood thing that they

shall not be turned out, they are liable to be ejected at a quarter's notice if the Government think they can find a better use for it. Notwithstanding the most urgent appeals, year after year, from the most distinguished officers of the two services for better accommodation—that now afforded being miserably inadequate—the Council are compelled each year to express regret, in terms now stereotyped, that they are still unable to give the members any hope of obtaining a more suitable abode. Let us see what amount of moral support is afforded to the Institution through the number of visitors attending, whose admission is gratuitous. Taking the number of days during the year when the building is open to the public at three hundred, we find that, one year with another, for 45 years the visitors have averaged 70 per diem. In 1851, when London was thronged with foreigners, the average daily attendance was over 170. In 1865 it averaged 60 per diem; and there was actually a falling off in the succeeding year, when the world was stirred by the revelations of the Austro-Prussian war. In 1870 the public was moved for a little while to take an interest in things naval and military, and came to visit the Institution in somewhat greater force. The interest, however, quickly subsided; and in 1876 there were fewer visitors to Whitehall Yard than in any year since 1857, when the average daily attendance was only 42. As regards any pecuniary support given by outsiders, we find that, from the foundation of the Institution to this day, only very small donations of actual money have ever been contributed, with the exception of a legacy of 100*l.* in 1875. Yet various members of successive Governments have not been slow in acknowledging the great merits of the Institution. "It does not require," said Lord Pembroke, speaking for the War Secretary, in 1875, "a very deep insight into its workings, or very great experience, to see the very great advantages which it possesses, and the enormous capabilities it has both for acquiring and diffusing information." And as far back as 1860 Lord de Grey and Ripon, then a member of the Government, said, addressing the members, "I assure you I entertain the very highest appreciation of the value of the services rendered by this Institution, especially of late years to the united services of the army and navy." Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1867, was a degree more practical in his appreciation of the services rendered by it. "If," he said, "the objects of this Institution cannot be satisfactorily carried out without an increase of assistance from the public funds, I am quite willing to express my opinion that that assistance ought to be given." In his address at the Institution in 1870 Mr. Secretary Cardwell was indefinitely alarming and vaguely reassuring. "I sincerely hope that if, in consequence of any improvements that may take place in your neighbourhood, you are disturbed, the result may be that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in a more commodious place." Nevertheless, while successive Ministries have for many years past found themselves unable to refuse their acknowledgments of the good done by the Institution, no steps whatever have been taken to come to its assistance. Money is forthcoming in plenty to tinker up some old, scarcely seaworthy craft of obsolete armament and construction; we can spend millions upon barracks all over the country, and then inquire what use is to be found for them; we can vote 10,000*l.* for providing the Lieutenant-General commanding our show-camp at Aldershot with an imposing house; but this wealthy Empire cannot seemingly afford to roof respectably the members (now numbering not far from five thousand, and among them two or three hundred generals and admirals) of an Institution which stands *facile princeps* among its kind. The Council, we believe, really ask for very little. They would probably be quite willing to accept on behalf of the members a definitive grant of the present site, with some additional ground towards the river, when the building might be rebuilt by degrees and considerably enlarged; and, on the whole, this might be preferable to removal to a grander house which would necessitate temporary stoppage of the work of the Institution and the breaking up of the Museum.

The house in Whitehall Yard contains a library, a museum, and a lecture-hall. The library has some nineteen thousand volumes or more, comprising, as the Duke of Cambridge testifies, the best works on the professional questions affecting the two services. "There is here," he says, "a place of reference for those officers who are fond of their profession and who look scientifically at it, which they could not find anywhere else." Every year the most noteworthy publications in different languages are added to the collection; and an exchange of journals is made with foreign Governments and with various scientific Societies in this and other countries. The accumulation of books—many of them rare and valuable—has become so great as to overflow the available space, and tax to the utmost the efforts of the excellent secretary and librarian. In the Topographical department will be found a wide collection of maps, plans, charts, sketches, lithographs, sailing directions, &c. The museum is as overcrowded as the library, and many things are refused admission for want of space. Here is to be seen every kind of weapon, offensive or defensive, with which every kind of people, savage or civilized, in mediæval or modern times, has provided itself for war purposes. There is everything here from the poisoned arrow of the cannibal of the Pacific to the latest novelty in breechloading rifles; from a coat of mail made of the fibre of the aloe to bullet-proof infantry shields, with models of armoured turrets or broadsides of ironclads. Those for whom Waterloo is not a forgotten story may see the famed field spread out before them—every hamlet and house and hillock, and the armies in the thick of the fight, all represented in relief and with the utmost accuracy. The siege of

Sebastopol is exhibited on the same principle; and the model rooms contain also several valuable miniature representations of celebrated fortresses. Beyond this the museum has a comprehensive collection of shipping of every form of construction, from a trireme and a catamaran to wooden three-deckers and ironclads. The battle of Trafalgar is exhibited on much the same principle as the battle-fields on land. Surely all these things—not to speak of their value to the historian—offer strong attractions to those who take an interest in their country's pride of place and deeds of honour and duty; in Paris or Berlin or Vienna such an exhibition would be thronged with visitors. In the lecture hall some eighteen or twenty lectures are given annually by naval and military officers, and by eminent civil engineers, on the questions of the day—politics and theology being excluded from the debate—and a discussion usually follows. The lectures and subsequent observations are printed and published at a very moderate cost in the Journals of the Institution. The value of the varied and interesting contents of these Journals may be inferred from the fact of their being translated into other languages by foreign Governments, who thus obtain the opinions of our best men upon problems connected with naval construction and armament, systems of gunnery, merits of novel weapons, torpedoes, &c., tactical changes, and scientific questions bearing on the production and utilization of the metals for war purposes, and on colonial, Indian, and Asiatic questions generally. Those who wish for evidence of the absorbing interest shown abroad in all naval and military problems should consult in the Journals the "Occasional Papers" edited with conspicuous ability and diligence by Colonel Lonsdale Hale, R.E. These most valuable Journals command at home but a limited, though we are happy to add a slightly increasing, sale. A gold medal is given each year to the writer of the best essay on a special subject chosen by the Council of the Institution, which subject is alternately a naval and a military one. All members, whether belonging to the army, navy, militia, yeomanry, marines, Naval Reserve, or Volunteers, and all persons eligible to become members, are allowed to compete for the prize. The successful essays, and sometimes those which obtain "honourable mention," and which are frequently of no common merit, are published in the Journals of the Institution. A payment of 10*l.* gives a subscriber the rights of membership for life, including the free postage and gratuitous issue to him of each copy of the Journal, which is published two or three times a year. Annual subscribers pay 10*l.*, or, to secure the gratuitous issue to them of the Journals, 1*l.*; and, when serving abroad, subscribers of 10*l.* per annum may have the Journals gratuitously. As the Duke of Cambridge has said, "The subscription cannot affect the pocket of any man, and need be no obstacle in the way of any officer joining the Institution."

Enough has been said to show that the United Service Institution is strongly deserving of public support; but it can hardly be expected that the public at large will appreciate its value if the Government, while lavish enough of encomiums, nevertheless withholds the very moderate means necessary to enable the Institution to assume its right place. In one respect there has been a considerable change for the better during the last thirty years. In 1851 the distinguished General Sir Lintorn Simmons, then holding of course a more subordinate position, was, to use his own expression, "severely wigg'd" by the authorities for presuming to express within the walls of the Institution advanced opinions upon the purely scientific question of a system of fortification. "The authorities did not wish the question discussed, because it interfered with their own prejudices"; and, added Sir Lintorn, "I was reminded that there was a station in the West Indies which I might have to visit for the sake of my health." That state of things, it is satisfactory to know, has passed away. Other antiquated notions will no doubt follow. It will by and by come to be believed that in a free country no danger is likely to arise from giving a frank and generous recognition to the claims which the services have upon the nation. Our tardiness in perfecting the military machine is in some measure due to the unacknowledged but old-standing instinctive jealousy of giving the military element too much importance in the country; and it finds another potent excuse in the argument that, as the commercial interests of peoples extend, the general unwillingness to imperil these by war will outweigh motives of greed and ambition, and that consequently the necessity of maintaining great and costly armaments will gradually diminish. The state of the world surveyed "from China to Peru" offers a curious commentary upon, at any rate, the present value of this comfortable doctrine.

AMATEUR DEALERS AND CHAPMEN.

THERE are few instincts more innate in man than that of endeavouring to get the best of a bargain with his fellow-creatures. However anxious we may be for the greatest good of the greatest number, and whatever may be our solicitude for the regeneration of the human race, the fact remains that we like to sell our friend a horse. It is rather the exception than the rule when a taste for dealing is not developed in early youth. We are scarcely out of our cradles before we begin to drive a brisk trade in the ware known in domestic circles as "being good," for which we receive payment in toys, sweetmeats, and juvenile entertainments; and when we go to school we do sharp strokes of business

by persuading hungry boys, in the heat of the moment, to exchange pocket knives for jam pies, or by dealing surreptitiously in contraband goods, such as fireworks, at a considerable increase on their strict commercial value.

It is proverbial that, when a lawyer makes his own will, he generally produces the most unlaywerlike of documents; in the same manner, when a gentleman assumes the rôle of a dealer, he often makes the most ungentlemanlike of bargains. As a rule, it may pretty safely be laid down that to buy from a tradesman is by far the best, the fairest, and the cheapest mode of proceeding; that to buy from an independent commoner is bad; to buy from a peer much worse, and to buy from a parson by far the worst of all. Further, it is a curious anomaly that it is usually safer to deal with a stranger, or even an enemy, than with a friend. How often one might say to the latter, in the touching words of the ghost in the poem, "Behold me; you told me you'd be true—and you sold me!" It is frequently found that among men who pride themselves on their honour, and even on their religious principles, it is thought justifiable, in what they term "matters of business," to carry astuteness to a point from which professional men of ordinary honesty would shrink. When a disputed matter is "placed in the hands of a lawyer," it is, in the majority of cases, the client and not the solicitor who is anxious to take advantage of every available legal quibble. Many lawyers will bear us out in saying that one of their most unpleasant professional duties is that of trying to persuade their clients to apply the ordinary rules of justice, integrity, and honour to business matters, instead of catching at every technical subterfuge which may present itself. But opportunities of getting the better of our friends in lawsuits are comparatively rare, and for this reason amateurs have recourse to the everyday pleasure of selling a thing for more than it is worth. The most respectable of country gentlemen, for instance, like to do a little business in shorthorns. You go to a quiet, stay-at-home, wealthy chairman of quarter sessions in search of one of these beasts, and you feel that your own father could scarcely look more trustworthy. There is something about the breadth of the brim of his hat and the pattern and cut of his neckcloth which inspires you with confidence, while the rustiness of the coat of one so rich shows that he is not likely to keep stock of fanciful value. Your stroll with him through his rich pastures is very agreeable, and he gives you friendly advice with regard to your future herd, which, as a young breeder, you feel will be of infinite value. You are in very great luck, for he is happily able to allow you to have a little calf of his best blood, which had been bespoken a year before its birth by a duke, whom death has unfortunately prevented from having the happiness of becoming its possessor. That a hundred guineas is the trifling acknowledgment you are to pay for a little beast that would only be worth a sovereign to a butcher is too small a matter to be worthy of consideration, and bargaining would be out of the question with the great man from whom you are purchasing. The dog-dealing clergyman is another type of the amateur jobber. He often breeds some rather uncommon kind of dog, possibly a species of wolf-hound, the progenitors of which he purchased during his travels in the East, perhaps at an Armenian convent. He invites inspection of these interesting animals, and the intending purchaser makes a pilgrimage to the hermitage of the clerical breeder. This he finds to be an unusually snug country rectory, looking the perfection of all that can possibly be expected in a well-ordered parsonage. Pictures of the Holy Land hang on the walls of the drawing-room, and an oak *prie-dieu*, in a little recess lighted by a stained-glass window, betokens the devotional habits of the family. The divine himself presently appears, dressed in strictly clerical, but sensible garments, well suited for hard work in a country parish. He will be delighted to show his pets to his guest, but first he would like to take him into the church. In the dim religious light of that lately restored building it seems profane to think of dog-dealing, but the clergyman observes with a pleasant smile that the handsome rood screen, which is not yet completed, has been paid for chiefly by money obtained by selling his dogs. A few minutes later, when the ecclesiastic stands on his lawn, in his rough serge cassock, staff in hand, while three large wolf-hounds bay around him, he looks quite like an Eastern monk or a Greek patriarch. No money (so he says) would purchase either of the magnificent beasts which are playing round their reverend master, but the visitor's name is entered in a book in which it is arranged that the first time one of the big hounds has puppies he is to buy one of the little things as soon as it is weaned for ten guineas, and, after giving a pound towards the host's collection for a new lectern, he departs.

It is in horse-dealing, however, that the amateur most excels. Indeed in this matter he often surpasses professionals. There are some gentlemen who, by a curious and unbroken succession of coincidences, always happen to have "exactly the horse to suit you." He is *such* a nice horse; his breeding is perfection, he has carried a lady, a child might ride him, and, like the model servant, he is not to be parted with on account of any fault. Not unfrequently his owner had never thought of selling him, but will let his friend have him out of pure good-nature. Those who have become the happy purchasers of this typical beast can best attest to its merits or demerits. There are "Lairds of high degree" who buy many horses with the sole object of selling them at a profit. They cultivate the acquaintance of hunting men, and when they know that any of them want to buy horses, they invite them to their houses. Their own studs are, they say, too large, or they have young horses coming on, and want to sell off the old ones to make room for them.

Sometimes they openly avow that they will sell any horses they have. The intending purchaser is probably overcome with the hospitality of his host, who is the most gentlemanlike of men, and it is likely enough that the social position of the seller is considerably higher than that of the buyer, for amateur horse-dealers are not invariably commoners. It is something, thinks the purchaser, to stay at a fine house in one of the best hunting counties in England, and to live for even a couple of days with lords, ladies, and baronets. An instructive walk is taken through the stables before dinner. This horse, points out the master, would not suit the guest, as he is not quick enough; that horse is very good, but he dwells the least in the world at his fences; another horse pulls. "That brown horse," candidly observes the amateur dealer, "is lame." What an honest man is mine host, thinks the guest. At last a certain loose-box is reached. "Now there is a horse," begins the owner; and then follows a long and confidential conversation, in which the merits of the animal in question are detailed, and it is arranged that the guest is to ride him out hunting on the following day. A particularly nice man happens to be staying with the proprietor of the establishment, who appears to know a good deal about the horses. He tells an amusing story of a famous run in which the host had kindly mounted him on the horse in question, when, thanks to the extraordinary jumping powers of that animal, he had succeeded, without the slightest difficulty, in pounding the whole field and getting the run entirely to himself. The next morning the possible buyer is put upon a charming hack to be conveyed to cover, and his host urges him not to change horses until the hounds find. At the first whimper of a hound the hunter which he is intended to purchase is brought up, and he mounts it for the first time. His host suggests that, if he wishes for a good start, he cannot do better than follow the particularly nice man, who knows the country well. When the hounds go away, he follows this clever pilot, who leads him over some big fences into the most prominent position of the field. He feels that he is on a remarkably fine fencer, and when the gallop is over he is delighted to find that he and his pilot have had the run pretty much to themselves. Being greatly pleased with his mount, he would like to ride him for the rest of the day; but his kind host is most anxious that he should try two other horses which he has brought out for him, and he insists on the necessity of a change of horse in order to avoid fatigue. Neither of his other mounts at all comes up to the first; and, as he canters home on a delightfully fresh hack, he eagerly agrees to buy hunter number one, at the kind of price which one expects to have to pay for an exceptionally good horse. He never in his after experiences has cause to alter his opinion as to the animal's being an extraordinarily fine fencer; but it may have been observed that his judicious host took care that he should not ride the horse along the road; and when, in the character of happy owner of the quadruped, he proceeds to ride him to cover, he discovers that the beast is the very worst hack he ever sat upon. Then the particularly nice man had invariably led him over large flying fences, which the horse had negotiated with ridiculous ease; but when his new owner rides him slowly over blind ditches or cramped places the brute stumbles and flounders about in a manner which is absolutely appalling. After a fair day's hunting the horse is so exhausted that he is unfit to come out again for three weeks. He cannot always have such an easy day as that on which his new master first rode him, when he was sent home at twelve o'clock after a twenty minutes' burst. It may be objected that the brute we have described had unusual peculiarities, but we reply that, whatever may be the peculiarities and infirmities with which his horses are afflicted, the clever amateur dealer will contrive by some means or other to conceal them.

Another common type of amateur dealer is the younger son who becomes an agent to a large estate. He is always ready to sell his hunters, his ponies, his dogs, or his cattle. He has Berkshire pigs with perfect points, Highland cattle of the most picturesque colours, and hunters that are warranted never to make mistakes. If perfection is to be found anywhere in this wicked world, it is in the yards of the gentleman agent. He is always convinced that he happens to have just at present that much-to-be-desired object—exactly the thing you want. Altogether, it is some comfort to reflect that in these days of *parvenus*, party-giving shopkeepers, and millionaires of mushroom growth, there are still left many well-bred gentlemen who are always ready to make a few pounds out of us, the moment that an opportunity presents itself.

CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

WALES is now as quiet as a country churchyard; but if severity of past oppression could help to explain the survival of a spirit for Home Rule among the Welsh, as with their brother Celts, it might suffice, in evidence of bygone military tyranny, to point to the traces of the Lords Marchers, some of whom were the same men who carried fire and sword among the Irish. Though the Conqueror penetrated Wales, he left its people unsubdued, the "natural bravery" of the country, with its rivers, rocks, and mountains, being a foe that required something more than a sudden inroad to overmaster. Our Afghan experience has familiarized us with the difficulties of warfare in a country defended by cliffs and passes as rugged as the people whom they shield; and the military system of William I. was one which he might well have adopted to extend an Indian frontier, had

his career of conquest carried him to the East. He empowered his great barons to castellate each strong natural position on the Welsh borderland, both for defence of the English territory and to form bases for aggressive operations against the Welsh people. Paying no respect to Offa's Dyke, which, like the walls of Romulus, it had once been death to overpass, the Lords Marchers, as these independent chiefs were called, pushed forward their unscientific frontier into the heart of Wales. In advance of the main line of important strongholds which they erected, of which Gloucester, Shrewsbury, and Chester were representatives, stood the castles of Strigul or Chepstow, Monmouth, Hereford, Chirk, Hawarden, Flint, and others—all erected, says Mr. G. T. Clark, within half a century of the Conquest; while numerous other fortresses on the Welsh coast for 130 miles between Chepstow and Haverford, on the northern side of the Bristol Channel, secured the admission of supplies and protected the passage of ships from the western ports of England to Ireland.

Chepstow Castle in its earlier features is identical with the *Castellum de Estrihol* of Domesday; the latter name, according to a Saxon poet of the twelfth century, quoted by Leland, being a corruption of *Strata Julia*, which Roman route crossed the Wye near Chepstow. The original stronghold was founded by William FitzOsbern, the famous seneschal of the Conqueror, to whose recommendation of vengeance against Harold's perfidy, backed by the promise of sixty ships filled with fighting men, we owe, according to Wace, the battle of Senlac with its consequences. The castle stands on the irregularly sloping edge of a lofty limestone cliff that rises perpendicularly from the Wye, by which river it is defended on the north, the other sides being secured by a deep dry moat. We hear nothing more of FitzOsbern's connexion with the castle, except that after he was slain (in 1070) on a military expedition to Flanders, his son Roger became possessed of this part of his estate, though he lost it eight years after in rebellion against the King. The powerful De Clares then received from the Crown the lordship of Strigul. These took their name from Clare, in Suffolk, which was one of the hundred and sixty manors granted to Richard of Brionne by his cousin german the Conqueror, as his portion of the English spoil. Walter, the third son of Richard, by way of increasing his patrimony, received royal license to the overrule of what lands he could conquer from the Welsh, and the whole of Nether-Gwent, or Monmouthshire, became the reward of his enterprise. How far the holy and beautiful house of Tintern, which he founded in 1131, was intended as an atonement for the crimes incident to aggressive warfare is unknown; but we may be sure, from the manners of his ungentle times, that he needed more mercy from heaven than he showed on earth. In 1139 the funeral torches were flaring in the hands of the white-vested Cistercians over his remains, which were interred in the monastery he had lately built. As he left no offspring, Walter de Clare's estates passed to his nephew, Gilbert FitzGilbert, surnamed Strongbow, who in 1138 was created Earl of Pembroke by King Stephen, on whose side he fought. Having reduced West Wales, he died in 1148, and was also buried at Tintern.

Richard Strongbow, his son, gained military renown in Ireland rather than in Wales, and added a fresh chapter to the annals of human ferocity by the unrelenting fury with which, during five years, he warred against the people. His death, in 1176, was attributed by the Irish to divine vengeance, their opinion being confirmed by the remorse of his last moments, when he confessed that he had been smitten by the saints of Ireland. Isabel, his heiress, married William Marshall, whose name, though not found in the index to Mr. Green's *Short History*, may be discovered to have been of some eminence in his time by no more recondite a reference than to Shakespeare's *King John*, where he wins the blessing of the reader for his humane interference to save Prince Arthur from being barbarously blinded. Marshall was, indeed, so important a personage that the protectorship of the kingdom had been mainly vested in him during the absence of Richard I. on the Crusades. But humanity was hardly a virtue of his character, his cruelties in Ireland having been quite in keeping with what might be expected from a successor to Strongbow. In addition to these excesses he seized among the spoils of war two fair manors of the Bishop of Ferns, for which sacrilegious act he was excommunicated by the injured prelate. The Earl died (A.D. 1219) unabsolved, and went to his place. Unwilling to leave the brave knight in torment, or perhaps thinking it more profitable to get back the fat manors in exchange for his soul, the Bishop went to the English Court, and persuaded the King, Henry III., to accompany him to the Temple Church, where the Earl was buried, and where his mailed image may yet be seen. Standing before the tomb he exclaimed, "O William, who liest here, an alien from salvation, if those lands which thou didst perniciously take from my Church be plerarily restored, either by the King who here listens or by any of thy friends, I then absolve thee; otherwise, I ratify thy sentence of eternal condemnation." Henry thereupon privately advised the Earl's eldest son to give back the manors for the sake of his father's soul; but the son replied, "I do not believe that my father got them unjustly, therefore the curse of the old dotting bishop will fall upon himself—for my part I will not lessen my rightful inheritance." The prelate, with increased indignation, went again to the King, and said, "Sir, what I have spoken cannot be reversed, the sentence must stand; the punishment of evildoers is from God, and therefore the curse which the Psalmist hath written shall descend upon the Earl. His name shall be blotted out in one genera-

tion." As it happened, Earl Marshall's five sons died childless, his five daughters consequently becoming his heiresses. By marrying Maud, the eldest of these ladies, Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, became lord of Strigul. The last of the Norfolk family who held this demesne was Roger, the nephew of Roger the son and heir of Maud. He rebuilt (in 1269) the monastery of Tintern, with what grace and majesty may be seen by the present ruins. Having no offspring, his lordships went to the Crown, to which they belonged when Edward I., a week before Christmas in 1284, visited Strigul Castle. All the estates of the Bigods, including the tower and town of Strigul, were given by Edward II. (in 1312) to his brother Thomas Brotherton, who about ten years later granted them to Hugh de Spencer, Lord of Glamorgan. In October 1326 the castle was victualled against the Queen and Mortimer; and, while held by De Spencer, its walls afforded a few days' refuge to Edward II., who was now being hunted to destruction by treason and domestic malice. By his Itinerary (like that of Edward I. published by Mr. Hartshorne in the *Collectanea Archaeologica*) it may be discovered that he was at Strigul from the 15th to the 21st of October of the year before his tragic death in 1327. While there, he fatuously appointed Hugh de Spencer, a man as weak as himself, to be commander-in-chief of the muster of horse and foot against his foes. On De Spencer's execution the fortress reverted to Brotherton, with whose descendants it continued until the time of John Mowbray, who succeeded to the estates in 1432. Mowbray sold the castle to Sir William Herbert of Raglan, created Earl of Pembroke in 1468, and "the first man," says Fenton in his *History of Pembrokeshire*, "by name, birth, and descent a Briton, who since the Norman Conquest was advanced to a title of honour." The earldom was given partly in reward for his putting to flight Jasper Tudor and his companion rebels. Shortly afterwards (1469) he was despatched at the head of 18,000 Welshmen, assisted by Stafford Earl of Devon with 6,000 archers, to quell the outbreak in the North made on behalf of the Lancastrians by Sir John Conyers and Robin of Riddisdale. The adverse armies met at a plain near Edgecot in Oxfordshire. Both leaders of the King's party were lodged at Banbury the night before the battle, and "there," says Hall, "the Earl of Pembroke putte the Lorde Stafford out of an inne, wherein he delighted muche to be for the love of a damosell that dwelled in the house." This damosell was the occasion of many unblest words and "crakes" between the Earls, and finally of the desertion of Stafford with his archers. Thus abandoned, although Earl Pembroke and his stalwart brother, Sir Richard Herbert, did great feats of valour, the day was lost to the Welshmen, and with it 5,000 men. Chiefly at the instigation of "John Clapham, Esq., servant to the Earl of Warwick," Pembroke, with his brother, was condemned to die, a fact commemorated in Wordsworth's description of Bolton Abbey in the "White Doe of Rylstone":—

Look down and see a grisly sight:
A vault where the bodies are buried upright,
There face by face and hand by hand
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And in his place among son and sire
Is John de Clapham that fierce esquire,
A valiant man and a name of dread,
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red!
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.

The estates and honours passed to Pembroke's son William, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon, and were conveyed by his daughter and heiress to her husband, Sir Charles Somerset, of whom the Duke of Beaufort, the present owner, is the descendant.

Two years after the tragedy of Banbury, Jasper Tudor, in company with the young Earl of Richmond, the future King, marched from Chepstow (a name which first occurs, says Mr. Wakeman, in 1307) with the intent to relieve Queen Margaret; but on his way news met him of the disastrous fight of Tewkesbury, which induced him to retire to the stronghold he had just quitted. "While he here tarried, one Roger Vaughan, a very valiant man, sent thither by King Edward for that purpose, went about by a trayen to take him, whereof the Earl being advertised took the said Roger within the town and cut off his head; and so he suffered death at the Earl's appointment, which himself essayed by guile to have brought the Earl unto." Evidence of a more tranquil state of things is afforded by the visit of Henry VII.'s Queen to the Castle, who appears to have been making a tour in Monmouthshire in the harvest-time of 1492. A payment of 10s. for a goshawk, and another 10s. "to the mariners that conveyed the Queen's Grace over Severn beside Chepstow," on her way to Berkeley, make up the recorded incidents of her stay. The history of the fortress during the next hundred and fifty years is of no eventful character, but in 1645 it was garrisoned for Charles I. In October of that year Colonel Morgan appeared before Chepstow with 700 horse and foot; the castle afforded little hindrance to the taking of the walled town, and the example of the townsmen was followed after a siege of four days by the capitulation of the citadel. There was, however, living in Glamorganshire a stalwart baronet, Sir Nicholas Kemys, who was accounted the Samson of his day. As an instance of his strength, it is related that he was one day met in his park by a noted Cornish wrestler, who, desiring to win fresh laurels, asked the baronet to try a fall with him. The request was answered by the Cornishman finding himself first thrown on his back and then over the park wall, his conqueror politely sending his ass in like manner after him. A place is still shown in the park wall at Cefn Mably as the scene

of the exploit. A more significant feat was the capture of Chepstow Castle, which in May 1648 was betrayed during the absence of the Governor into the hands of Sir Nicholas, who got possession of a fort by night. Cromwell, chagrined at the event, and being in the neighbourhood of Chepstow, marched upon the fortress, but found the defence too obstinate to be speedily overcome. He therefore left Colonel Ewer to pursue the enterprise, who beleaguered the walls until the garrison was reduced by famine. On surrender Sir Nicholas Kemys was slain in cold blood, together with 48 men, 120 prisoners being taken. These were temporarily confined in the adjacent Norman Priory church. Before the days of the Commonwealth were ended, the castle received (in 1656) as a captive the illustrious author of *Holy Living and Dying*. Though no insurgent, Jeremy Taylor was too distinguished a Royalist to escape the notice of the Government, but he was not ill-treated, and his imprisonment endured only a few months.

The noble architectural remains, though the towers and halls are roofless and floorless, are sufficiently entire to recall to view the walls that confined the Chrysostom of English divinity. Of the former strength of the fortress there is yet visible evidence. The outer walls retain enough completeness to prevent entrance except by the massive eastern gateway. This is of the period of Edward I., and, entering between its bold round towers, we find a grass-covered court, sixty yards long by twenty broad, which is succeeded by three other courts of narrower proportions, the whole fortress having been constructed in adaptation to the natural ridge on which it stands. Though there is some Roman masonry in the structure of the great west gate, we need give no more credence to Stowe's assertion that the castle was first built by Julius Cæsar than to Leland's report that a tower called Longine was "erected by one Longinus, a Jew, father of the soldier whose spear pierced the side of Christ." To the right of the eastern or principal gatehouse are the offices, including the kitchen and lesser hall (temp. Edward II.), some of which apartments are inhabited by the custodian of the ruins. To the left is an ivy-draped building, outwardly perfect, called Marten's Tower. This is an Early English work, and contains in its upper story the lord's oratory—a beautiful thirteenth-century chamber, with a fine window, enriched with rose ornament. That so pronounced a sceptic as Henry Marten the regicide should have had this fair chapel among the rooms he occupied when his capital sentence was commuted to a mild kind of imprisonment for life, is certainly not an instance of the fitness of things. His twenty years' confinement in the castle became, as political hostility relented, so relaxed that he was allowed to have his family in constant residence with him, and even to visit people in the neighbourhood. Beyond the second court, which has been planted as a garden, stands FitzOsbern's Norman keep, or what remains of it, a good deal of Early English work, including some fine details in the clustered columns of the windows of the great banquetting hall, having replaced the earlier structure. Here was the scene of the fierce revellings of the De Clares and Bigods when their deeds of warfare were projected or rehearsed. The story of one of their raids is told in Scott's rattling ballad "The Norman Horsehoe," which has given so much satisfaction to Mr. George Borrow that his *Wild Wales* commemorates hardly anything else in connexion with Chepstow Castle. Beyond the great hall is another courtyard, and finally the back gatehouse.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN TURKISH FINANCE.

THE *Statist* of Saturday last contains a very full account of an experiment which is being tried in Turkey, and which is of interest to all who desire to see the reform of the Ottoman Empire. Some of the information supplied had appeared previously in the Constantinople correspondence of the *Times*; but the *Statist* article enters into details on matters of the highest importance that were not touched upon in the earlier notice, and treats the subject from the point of view of the statesman as well as of the financier. We may briefly give the substance of our contemporary's account. In the month of November last the Porte entered into a convention with a Syndicate of bankers, of which the Imperial Ottoman Bank—the State Bank of Turkey—is the chief, by which it agreed to hand over to the Syndicate the administration of the so-called indirect taxes—those on tobacco, salt, stamps, spirits, fisheries, and silk. The Syndicate was authorized to retain a million per annum in repayment of debts due to it by the Porte, but was bound to hand over any surplus which there might be above that sum, up to the limit of 2½ millions, to such bondholders as should comply with certain conditions. People generally did not put much faith in this convention. It was notorious that the Turkish treasury was empty. Official salaries were in arrear; even the pay of the army was months behindhand; while the Palace and its creatures were insatiable in their demands for "more, more." It was recollected how the public debt had been repudiated, and the administration of the Customs taken away from the Ottoman Bank; and it was predicted, naturally enough, that the Convention would never come to anything. Even if, contrary to all probability, the Porte for once kept its word, the Pashas—so the prophets went on to add—would defeat the whole arrangement. They would do nothing themselves, it was said, nor would they permit any one else to do anything, without a bribe; and, if once the Syndicate paid black-mail, its chance of effecting any good

would be at an end. However, when the Greek New Year's Day came round, the Syndicate was installed as Administrator of the Six Indirect Taxes; and from time to time rumours got about that it was achieving an unhoped-for success. These rumours seemed to be confirmed when the Ottoman Bank, which had ceased to declare dividends, on the ground of the magnitude of the debt due to it by Turkey, once more made a division of its profits. The half-year passed away, and it became known that a Report on the working of the convention was presented to the Syndicate; but for very obvious reasons the members did not care to make the results too public, and accordingly they kept back the Report from the press. But curiosity was aroused, and on Saturday last our enterprising contemporary published what the French call a study of the document. It is this which we now propose to examine.

The first and most important task of the Syndicate was to appoint a Chief, or Director-General, of the administration. Upon the choice which they might make manifestly depended the success of the experiment. They selected Mr. Hamilton Lang, a gentleman who, we believe, was formerly in the Consular service, but who had passed over to that of the Ottoman Bank, and had made the Tobacco *Régie* of Roumania so profitable that the Government of the Principality bought back the concession which they had made of it. Mr. Lang quickly justified the good opinion formed of him by his employers. He had to organize an administrative service separate from, and independent of, that of the Sultan, yet in the last resort obliged to lean upon the Sultan's authority for protection; and he had to do this for the purpose of taking away a considerable revenue from a greedy and bankrupt Government. It is evident that the greatest tact and judgment were requisite to avoid hurting susceptibilities and arousing suspicions. For these reasons, and no doubt also with a view to economy, Mr. Lang determined to form his staff as largely as possible of natives, and to employ Western Europeans only where they were absolutely indispensable. Out of a service of 5,714 persons, we find that all but 130 are Mohammedans, and even of the 130 it would seem that a considerable proportion are Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, though on that point no definite information is given. The higher ranks of the service comprise 24 Controllers, 11 Inspectors, and 8 Sub-Inspectors—in all 43 persons; not a very large number for so numerous a staff spread over so extensive an Empire, between the different parts of which, for want of roads and railways, communication is difficult and slow. The whole cost of this service of nearly six thousand persons is barely 200,000*l.* sterling, which, if equally divided, would give barely 35*l.* a year each. But, as the Controllers get about 270*l.* per annum each, and the Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors likewise have comparatively high salaries, the pay of the great majority of the body is very much less than 35*l.* per annum. The salaries, however, are regularly paid, and this goes far to ensure faithful service. The writer in the *Statist* very justly regards the fact that the service is zealous and devoted as the most important and instructive result established by this experiment. The hope of reforming and regenerating Turkey would be faint indeed if the materials of an honest and efficient Civil Service could not be found in the native population. If it were discovered that the corruption of the Pashas had descended to the classes below them, the task would be not merely to reform a Government, but to regenerate a people. Mr. Lang, however, bears testimony in the very strongest language to the zeal, devotion, and efficiency of his subordinates, and we may consequently regard it as proved that nothing but Western European control is needed to ensure to Turkey a good administration.

Passing to the pecuniary results of the experiment, we must premise that the task of organizing the service necessarily took up a good deal of time, and that the difficulties of the task were aggravated by the absence of all records of the preceding administration. When Mr. Lang, on entering upon his duties, wished to draw up an estimate of income and expenditure, he found that there existed no documents on which to base his calculations. Besides this, as soon as it became known that the convention was signed, there was a rush on the part of traders to lay in stocks of tobacco, salt, and so on, it being well understood that under the new régime evasion of the duties could not be compassed by bribery. For a long time, therefore, there was little demand for these articles. Lastly, the provincial authorities, as had been anticipated, withheld their support from the officers of the Syndicate. Mr. Lang acknowledges that the Porte honourably carried out its part of the compact, and issued strict injunctions to the provincial authorities to give their assistance to the Syndicate. But smuggling is rife all over Turkey, and everywhere the local authorities are in league with the smugglers. They lent no help, therefore, in putting down smuggling. In one place, when informed that tobacco was being smuggled on a large scale, the authorities refused to move, on the plea that the information should have been in writing, and that the police were not strong enough. In another place they refused to punish smugglers who had maltreated the Syndicate's servants. It will thus be seen that there are good reasons why the yield of the first half-year should be very exceptionally below the normal yield of the taxes in question. Yet Mr. Lang estimates a net revenue of about 418,500*l.*—we say "estimates," because, owing to the difficulties of communication, it takes about three months to get in the verified returns from distant places like Bagdad. When the system is in complete working order Mr. Lang estimates that the net revenue will reach about 1,620,000*l.*

sterling per annum, which would leave over 600,000*l.* for the bondholders. And we may add that it is understood that the receipts of the current half-year bear out Mr. Lang's estimates. Thus it is proved that, in spite of the loss of life and the waste and destruction of property during the war, there is even now, with all the misgovernment that prevails, a surplus income available for the payment of at least some interest on the Turkish debt.

M. OFFENBACH AND OPÉRA BOUFFE.

BY the death of M. Jacques Offenbach the world has lost a genius *sui generis*. Nothing can show this better than the miserable imitations of his art, if it may so be called, which the followers in his footsteps have produced of late. Even *Madame Favart*, which has had so long a run at the Strand Theatre, and which may be considered one of his poorest productions, is far above the best that has been written in the same style by others. Critics are apt to censure the peculiar style of operetta of which M. Offenbach was at once the inventor and the ablest exponent as being trivial, flashy, and the like; but there is always genuine fun and sly, if somewhat improper, humour to be found in his works, which degenerates into coarseness and indecency when treated by others. He possessed, in fact, certain qualities which defied imitation. A large number of people must have read with regret the news of his death from gout on Monday evening last. Born at Cologne in 1819, M. Offenbach was forty years of age before he became known to the general public. His first genuine success was the production of *Orphée aux Enfers* in 1859, and for twenty-one years he has worked with untiring energy at what we believe he found to be a very remunerative branch of musical art. He may be said to have died working, for it was only a few hours after he had superintended the rehearsal at the Variétés of his latest work, *Le Cabaret de Lilas*, that the fatal illness seized him. Having received his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, he attracted attention as a finished player on the violoncello, and, in 1847, having become a naturalized Frenchman, he was chosen as *chef d'orchestre* at the Théâtre Français, where he remained till the year 1855. In that year he took the new Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens with the professed intention of producing his own works, and selected a company whose talents have since achieved an almost world-wide reputation for excellence. It was not until 1859, however, as we have said, that he became known as a master of his art. The *Orphée aux Enfers* was a most decided hit, and is, we are inclined to think, at once the most original and characteristic of his works. *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* is perhaps the opera which most people consider his *chef-d'œuvre*; but for genuine fun, and, at the same time, melodic power, he has not surpassed his first great success. *La Chanson de Fortunio* followed, and after some more or less successful works M. Offenbach again scored a success with *La Belle Hélène* in 1864. The ever-popular *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Périole*, and a host of other operas—amongst which *Le Roi Carotte*, *Genevieve de Brabant*, and *Madame Favart* are the best known—followed in succession; but his later works showed every sign that his genius was on the wane. Indeed, when we reflect that M. Offenbach had reached the age of sixty-one, we cannot be surprised that his powers of creation were not as fresh as of yore.

A German by birth, M. Offenbach was nevertheless a Frenchman of Frenchmen. He had the good fortune—shall we call it?—to become the musical purveyor of fun to the mirth-loving age of the Second Empire; and, having once struck the chord, he continued harping upon it, greatly to his profit no doubt, and apparently to the satisfaction of a large and appreciative public. It is a subject for regret that he did not turn his attention to the higher branches of his art, for which not a few of his works seem, in the midst of their frivolity, to hint at undeveloped capacities. Had M. Offenbach attempted this he might have made a name which would be handed down to posterity unconnected with the almost shameless improprieties which disfigured some of his works. As they were performed in English, they were shorn of much of this, and we fear in the eyes of some of his admirers lost proportionately in interest. He fostered a style which has done much to lower the lyrical stage by choosing libretti for his music which, as has been said elsewhere, were “more than slightly improper.”

The only fear is that the imitators under the shadow of M. Offenbach should get a hold upon the English public; but, if this were to happen, we should not be far wrong in prophesying that opéra bouffe would die a natural death. It is not possible that the inanities of Lecocq and Planquette can hold their own upon the stage for an eternity. Even Offenbach twenty years hence will be but a shade, and as for the others, we hope their names will hardly be remembered. M. Offenbach wrote for his time, and with his time he will be forgotten. His art was debased; and, like all inferior work, it will have its day and vanish. What, then, can we say of imitations which, so to speak, “cannot hold a candle” to the original? The best way of meeting the evil, if the evil exist, is to divert the attention of the public to comic opera of a higher tone—a deed much more feasible than at first sight might appear. If some enterprising manager would introduce such operettas as those of Adolph Adam, Dorn, or Suppé—there are hundreds of that class—or even Ambroise Thomas, Bizet, or Auber, nearly all of which are written for small

orchestras, we do not hesitate to say that they would draw the public enormously. The result would be that a taste for something better than the jingle of opéra bouffe airs would become fashionable, and composers would be encouraged to write up to a higher standard than they have hitherto done. The whole question resolves itself into one of supply and demand; and, if once the public were to be made acquainted with the fact that comic operas worth listening to, or at any rate more worth listening to than opéra bouffe, were in existence, they would be eager to flock to them for the pleasure that they afford. Of course, if it were possible to accomplish that which seems an impossibility in England, a cheap opera, the battle against demoralizing opéra bouffe would be won easily. The only hold that the opéra bouffe has upon the public is, that people can go and enjoy pretty music, pretty scenery, dresses, &c., at a cheap rate; and why this should not be combined with an elevating spectacle is a question we cannot undertake to answer. The fault does not lie with public so much as with managerial taste, and that is a subject which we will not deal with here. It is easier no doubt to adapt French opéra bouffe to the English stage than to search for an original and artistic comic opera or operetta, especially if it be already known to have been successful in France. The Carl Rosa Opera Company is a good example of what can be done in the way of popularizing good operas at a price which is within the limits of an average playgoer's pocket, and it remains only for some manager to take up the lower stage of opera, and popularize it in the same way that Mr. Carl Rosa has done with the higher stage. It cannot be that England alone of all places in Europe is the only place where such a thing is impossible. The only remedy seems to lie in a cheap opera for the people. We seem to think that it is necessary to have the highest class of artists and the best orchestras in Europe to make the opera popular amongst us. It is no such thing; the opéra bouffe succeeded without it, and so can the opera proper, if only the experiment were tried. The question is when shall we find a manager bold enough to attempt the innovation which will bring back the public taste to the proper channel. The cure, we fear, can be but slow now that the poison of opéra bouffe has been allowed to have its own way for so many years. The times are, however, already looking brighter, and perhaps with the fact that real opéra bouffe has less hold upon the English public taste, and the cheapening of prices for true opera, which has lately also been a fact to some extent, we may look forward to a time when such a thing as a *furor* in favour of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* is nearly an impossibility on the part of an educated English audience.

Opéra bouffe is to classical opera what the burlesque is to the legitimate drama, and how far a man may be admired for devoting himself to a debased form of art is open to question. At the same time, opéra bouffe has done less harm to the opera and music generally than it has to the drama, as in all these works musical excellence is not even attempted, and only the farcical element is valued. Many theatres, therefore, where a good play was possible, have had their boards blocked by the success of these musical extravaganzas. As for music in general, there is no harm done, for there has always been and always will be a large proportion of the public who prefer pretty jingling tunes and waltz measures to the more serious and artistic works of the great composers. The real harm done by opéra bouffe has been in fostering a desire in the public for silly and extravagant pieces, sometimes in the worst possible taste. When all is said and done, it may perhaps be remarked that, after all, the mischief which has been done by opéra bouffe is by no means so great as it at one time threatened to be, and perhaps now that its great exponent is dead, it will gradually become a thing of the past in England.

By the death of M. Offenbach the opéra bouffe may be said to expire. The miserable productions of his imitators may still command audiences, but the genius which marked his works has ceased to breathe. From the ashes of defunct opéra bouffe there appears to be arising a new style of light opera of a more wholesome character, and the age of *La Grande Duchesse* is giving place to that of *Pinafore* and the *Pirates of Penzance*, whose fun is unmistakable, and though purely English, is none the less acceptable. Mr. Sullivan's success is due to the same cause as M. Offenbach's—namely, in having happily hit off the spirit of the mirth-loving public, with the addition that his work is certainly more artistic than that of his French rival. Offenbach alone, however, could produce opéra bouffe, and until another like him shows himself again, we shall have no more of it. Let us hope that we have had enough already.

AUTUMN RACING.

WITH the First October Meeting the great series of autumn races at Newmarket begins. It is then that the public form of the racing year is decided. Throughout the summer, excuses are made for this horse and the other when defeated; but when they and their conquerors meet to fight their battles over again in October on Newmarket Heath, their merits or demerits are finally settled. Then, again, many handicap horses are reserved for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and consequently we do not see the best of them until the autumn meetings. Indeed in most of the handicaps during the October meetings, horses are allowed to do their best, as winter is fast coming on, and there will soon be no more handicaps for which it will be worth while to get

horses weighted below their merits. There are, however, a great many weight-for-age races at the Newmarket autumn meetings, and the principal two-year-old race of the year is run during the Second October Meeting. Although there is usually some excellent racing at the First October Meeting, it is by no means the most interesting of the series. It may almost be said that the great attraction of this meeting is the gambling upon the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire which generally accompanies it. These two great handicaps form the chief topics of conversation, and all sorts of rumours and stories are circulated about the various competitors. The running of the stable companions of the favourites is eagerly criticized, and conclusions are drawn as to the chances of many of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire horses from the races which take place during the week. Much of the racing is moreover interesting on its own account. Last year, at this meeting, both Bend Or and Robert the Devil had won races; and Rayon d'Or, who had won the St. Leger a fortnight before, won the Great Foal Stakes, a race worth more on that occasion than four thousand pounds.

The First October Meeting is preceded by two important French races which take place at Paris on two successive Sundays. These are called the Omnium and the Criterium, and they are run over courses respectively a mile and a half and a mile long. This year they were each worth a little more than 830*l*. In both cases the favourites were beaten by 20 to 1 outsiders, and in each race victory was only obtained after a very hard struggle by a head. The Omnium is a handicap, and it was won by a three-year-old called San Stephano, who carried 7 st. 6 lbs. The Grand Criterium is the principal two-year-old race of the year in France. The weights are 8 st. 11 lbs. for colts, and 8 st. 9 lbs. for fillies, without penalties. These conditions, it will be observed, differ from those of our own Middle Park Plate, in which the weights are 8 st. 10 lbs. for colts, and 8 st. 7 lbs. for fillies, with certain penalties. The race was won by Perplexité, a filly which is entered for the English Oaks and the English St. Leger. The great British jockey, Archer, rode the favourite; but, although she started at the very short price of 6 to 4, she was beaten a long way from home.

After a foggy morning, the opening day of the Newmarket autumn campaign was beautifully fine, and the course itself could scarcely have been in better condition for racing. There were ten races to be gone through, and consequently the first event was fixed for one o'clock. Those who attended the first day's racing enjoyed an agreeable surprise. The winners of the Derby and the St. Leger were to meet in the Great Foal Stakes. This had not been at all expected, and it was not until near the time of the race that it was decided that Robert the Devil should run. If it had been generally known that Bend Or and Robert the Devil were to run against each other the course would have been crowded. As it was, those who were present congratulated themselves on their unanticipated good fortune in being about to witness one of the most interesting races of the year. We have already written so much about the previous battles of Bend Or and Robert the Devil that we shrink from recapitulation. It will be sufficient to say that the admirers of each of the horses were still disputing as to their merits. In the Derby, Robert the Devil had been beaten by a head, and his friends said that this was a fluke. In the St. Leger, again, Bend Or had been beaten, and this, said his admirers, was a fluke. Now they were to meet again, and it was to be hoped there would be no excuses this time. Robert the Devil was looking in the best of condition, and he showed more muscular development than on any former occasion. Indeed the horse even looked better than when he ran in the St. Leger. It was the general opinion that Bend Or did not look so well as at either Doncaster or Epsom, and sharp-eyed critics thought they detected signs of recent medical treatment on one of his hocks. At the post Robert the Devil was far the better favourite of the two; and although five other horses were to run, only one of these was at all supported in the betting ring. This was Lord Bradford's Retreat, a good-looking colt, who was receiving 12 lbs. from both Robert the Devil and Bend Or. Robert the Devil had to make his own running, which was much to his disadvantage, and the pace was wretchedly slow during the greater part of the race. Bend Or lay well back until reaching the Bushes, when he came forward and took the third place. In the Dip he made a rush to the front, and within fifty yards of the winning-post he apparently got on even terms with Robert the Devil. Short as was the time occupied by the ensuing tremendous struggle, it was a period of trying suspense to many of the spectators. The disputed question was at last, it seemed, to be decided, and there would no longer be any doubt as to whether Robert the Devil or Bend Or was the better three-year-old of the year. Bend Or was running with great gameness, and there seemed little doubt that he would repeat his Derby victory, when, just as they were reaching the winning-post, he swerved slightly, and Robert the Devil got his head in front and won the race. Now this did seem intolerably provoking. It was all very well that Robert the Devil should win, if he could; but the annoying part of it was that an opportunity should again be given of making excuses for the beaten horse of the pair. We think, however, that it will be the general opinion of the best judges of racing that Bend Or swerved because he was beaten, and that, looking at the race as a whole, there can be but little doubt that Robert the Devil beat Bend Or as fairly as it is possible for one horse to beat another. Undoubtedly the two horses are very nearly equal, and a very slight ailment, or a mishap in running, would probably prevent

Robert the Devil from repeating his victory on a future occasion; but it appears to us impossible to deny that, in the Great Foal Stakes on the Tuesday of the First October Meeting, Robert the Devil gave Bend Or a fair and honest beating. We have dwelt so much upon this race, which practically settled the most disputed problem of the racing year, that we must treat the remainder of the First October Meeting somewhat briefly. In the second race of the opening day, the hitherto unlucky Abbot, instead of running second or third as usual, at last succeeded in winning a race; and when he was about it, he did it well, cantering in four lengths in front of the nearest of his opponents. There was an interesting match of the good old-fashioned Newmarket type on the same day, between Lord Clive and Favo. Although he had run very indifferently of late, Lord Clive had been considered by many good judges to be the best horse of his year as a three-year-old. Favo, on the contrary, had run very badly as a three-year-old and as a two-year-old; but this season he had shown some good form. Of the pair Lord Clive was slightly the favourite, but only at the trifling odds of 11 to 10. Favo made the running, but in the Abingdon Dip Lord Clive went up to him, and got his head in front; on the ascent, however, he tired, and Favo again obtained the lead, and won by half a length.

There was a good race on the Wednesday for the Triennial Produce Stakes. There were half a dozen starters, among which were Mask and Zealot. The latter, although he had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, had been an indifferent performer when pitted against horses of high class. He had been unplaced for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, and had only run third to Mask in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. Mask had won five races out of eight this season; he had won three at Goodwood, one at Ascot, and one at Newmarket, and he had been third in the Derby. He is a remarkably good-looking horse, and we have in former articles observed that he shows an extraordinary development of muscle in his hips and quarters. Unfortunately he was prevented from running in the St. Leger, and it was doubted by many people whether he was completely sound again even at Newmarket. Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand, was another starter, and the field was made up by Apollo, the former conqueror of Robert the Devil, Muriel, the winner of the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, and the handsome Retreat, who ran with the sole object of making the running for Zealot. When they came up the ascent, Mask was leading, closely followed by Zealot, and a desperate race ensued. When the post was passed, it was apparent that, whichever had won, it was a very near thing; but most of the bystanders imagined that Mask had had a slight advantage, and it is said that the jockeys themselves did not know which had won. The verdict of the judge, however, was that Zealot had won by a head. The outsider Fire King, who had hitherto run very badly this year, won the Great Eastern Railway Handicap in a canter, none of the three leading favourites being in the race.

The remarkably good-looking two-year-old filly, Thebais, by Hermit, won the Triennial Produce Stakes on the Thursday. She had previously won the valuable Ham Stakes at Goodwood. Another handsome two-year-old filly won the Second Nursery Stakes. This was Myra, by Doncaster, who had won the Rous Plate at the late Doncaster Meeting. Favo, the hero of the match with Lord Clive on the opening day, was made first favourite for the Newmarket October Handicap, but he only succeeded in running third to Elf King and Lancaster Bowman. It was nearly dark when the race was run. Lord Falmouth's celebrated two-year-old Bal Gal added to her many victories by winning the Rous Memorial Stakes on the Friday. She held her opponents safe throughout the race, and shot out and won just as she pleased at the finish.

The racing on Friday was not specially interesting; but, taken as a whole, the week was a great success. The racing was very good, and the weather was all that could have been wished.

REVIEWS.

HILLEBRAND ON MODERN GERMAN THOUGHT.*

WHATEVER may be thought of these Lectures by a public less select than the "parterre of gentlemen" before whom they were originally delivered, and to whose polite indulgence a quite needless appeal was made in one of their opening passages, they are unlikely to be regarded by any English reader as ill-timed. Not that a new book about Germany and the Germans can claim a special value as such at the present season. Of generalities of one kind or another concerning this well-worn theme we may frankly confess to have recently had enough, and more than enough. Even statistical compilations not unfrequently disappoint the respectful attention which they appear to claim as their right; and only a languid kind of interest can continue to attach even to a comparison between the annual cost of a German and that of a British soldier—a point in favour of his more frugal native land which M. Hillebrand himself is, we observe, unable to refrain from

* Six Lectures on the History of German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death. Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, May and June 1879. By Karl Hillebrand. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

making in a note. Mere sketches of manners, on the other hand, will no doubt continue to be produced so long as Englishmen travel up the Rhine possessed of sufficient power of observation and sense of humour to be amused by national divergences in the use of the table-knife or the adjustment of the feather-bed. But it is not in such wares that M. Hillebrand deals; and, if there is no lack of ambitiousness in the title of his lectures, there is likewise much opportuneness in their theme. And this precisely because those aspects of German national progress and life with which M. Hillebrand deals happen to have rather gone out of fashion in our intellectual—or, at all events, our literary—world. While our chief English sources of periodical information concerning the non-political activity of Germany—indeed, in a lesser degree, concerning the progress of her political life itself—have grown surprisingly scanty, a feeling altogether antipathetic to contemporary German opinion and sentiment has of late years become increasingly manifest in the most self-complacent spheres of English literary criticism. It would probably have required the time occupied by one of M. Hillebrand's lectures to establish without abruptness, and to deprecate with effect, the existence of the feeling in question; and he has accordingly preferred to assume it—or at least to seem to do so—by adopting a manner half blandly apologetic, half buoyantly defiant. To the corresponding aversion which unfortunately has come not less widely to prevail in Germany, although it has happily not yet altogether estranged the German from the English world of letters, he only refers by means of a decidedly skilful *apostrophe*. But to one of the mainstays of anti-German feeling among ourselves he openly directs attention, though recognizing in it rather a sign of the times in general than a feature of our particular insular locality. Nor can we refuse our assent to his opinion that his own ideas as to what has been the real strength of German thought in the past, and as to what will prove its real strength in the future, contravene not a few of the principles most favoured on our chief literary and scientific *rostra*. Thus a delicate compliment to the intellectual generosity of M. Hillebrand's audience, as well as a just appreciation of fundamental differences likely to exist between him and them, is conveyed in the following sentence in his first lecture:—

In the whole tendency of my mind, in my entire way of looking at things—religious and moral, historical and scientific—I have remained a thorough Continental man, a thorough German, whereas the younger generation of Europe is entering more and more every day into the intellectual current which sprang up in this island towards 1860, and has since spread over the greater part of the Continent.

At the same time, even persons unacquainted with the writings of M. Hillebrand—who has known many lands and is known in many—cannot have needed to accompany him far in these lectures in order to become assured that in him they have to deal with no German pedant, whether of the primary, secondary, or tertiary period. Even when he drapes himself with becoming severity in the philosopher's robe, he reserves to himself a freedom of movement which proves that he has not, like Freiligrath's Hamlet, "stuck too long at Wittemberg, in the lecture-rooms and among the sects." He treats even of Kant, copiously indeed, but with a comparative succinctness not commended by native examples, and shows himself capable of summarizing even that most fluid of subjects, the history of German Romanticism, as tersely as in his delightful *History of France* he has recently summarized the history of its French counterpart. M. Hillebrand, who is as much at home at Florence as he is at Paris, has of late found various opportunities of showing that among Englishmen also, as among English books, he runs little danger of losing his way. Some of his lately published remarks about ourselves to ourselves may have jarred upon our presumably still more intimate knowledge of the subject; but his generalizations, even when least flattering, could not but be allowed to have a broader basis than, say, those of M. Taine on the same theme. But he is not less candid as to both our merits and our defects when he discusses them for the benefit of German readers. Thus we were interested the other day to find him expounding in the *Deutsche Literaturblatt* (published at Gotha) the excellences and the shortcomings of so peculiarly English an undertaking as Mr. John Morley's series of unannotated critical biographies. A certain touch of dilettantism is almost inseparable from the manner of a writer so universally well-informed; and, though M. Hillebrand is something very different from a *feuilletoniste*, yet he is so overfull of special knowledge that he might, by the unwary, be occasionally mistaken for one. We hasten to add that M. Hillebrand's English leaves nothing to be desired, and cannot fairly be said even to suggest the labour which it must surely have entailed. The only oddity we have noticed is the epithet "elect," added to those of "noble," and "sympathetic" in characterizing Prince Hal, Tom Jones, and Egmont.

Even in the general conduct of his argument, M. Hillebrand, while a thorough German in the drift of his ideas and in the foundations of his conceptions, has a lucidity which is more usually found in French contemporary writers. No doubt, popular lecturers, especially when dealing with subjects comparatively difficult or presumably unfamiliar to the majority of their hearers, have good reason for aiming at this quality above all others; and, just as the discovery of the master-passion in a man used to be offered as the surest clue to the interpretation of his conduct in life, so, in order to understand the general course of a nation's intellectual progress, it may seem only necessary to ascertain and state the "mother-ideas" which determined it. M. Hillebrand has found

little difficulty, without at the same time deviating from the track of most previous inquirers, in pointing out that the four

principal ideas which Germany had to develop and illustrate in her national literature and in her scientific work were almost all thrown on the intellectual market of Europe shortly after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War. Winckelmann gave new life to antiquity by applying to it a new historical method. Lessing traced the limits between the fine arts and poetry, assigning to each of them a domain not to be overstepped. Kant, correcting Rousseau's view of the history of mankind, contended that the ideal aim of mankind was not the natural state of the savage, as Rousseau held, but a state of nature combined with intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and political development, such as was revealed in Greece. Herder, finally, starting likewise from Rousseau, believed all great creations of humanity to be the work of spontaneous action, either individual or collective and national, not the intentional result of self-conscious activity. The three first of these four great men still belong to the generation of 1760, as we should call the men born in the second and third decade of the century; the last, Herder, born in 1744, already belongs to the following generation, that of Goethe. His marvellous precocity alone permitted him to fight at the side of Lessing, his elder by fifteen years.

Whether the historical analogy be accepted or not, there can certainly be no doubt that the spring time and the summer time of modern German intellectual life are comprehended within limits little, if at all, wider than those of the period of the literary greatness of Athens. This fact would be inexplicable without its antecedents. And, though it has long been a well-known truth, it cannot in this connexion be too often repeated, that the Thirty Years' War placed Germany, as compared with the other nations capable of contributing to the progress of European culture, at a disadvantage from which it would be rash to assert that she has ever altogether recovered. On all this M. Hillebrand necessarily dwells; nor does he fail to show (without of course in the least degree laying claim to originality) what were the principal currents of national sentiment which enabled the nation, through a period of apparently hopeless decadence, to preserve its vitality. We do not quarrel with either of the twin articles of belief at the present day readily accepted by the majority of thinking Germans, that "the two springs around which the new life gathered and grew up were the Prussian State and the Protestant Religion." But, with regard to the latter, M. Hillebrand himself shows very clearly how it had, if the expression may be used, to be turned inside out before, as a national influence, it could resume the task of the national Reformation. And as to the former, we only wish that the half-conscious, half-unconscious progress of historical growths were not so often represented as the conscious fulfilment of "glorious missions." Before the great Elector's policy is extolled as consistent with that of his later successors, it is surely not too much to ask that it should be proved to have been consistent with itself.

In connexion with the central part of that period of the history of German thought which M. Hillebrand has with a pleasant but sure touch sketched in this volume, he tells us little that is new, but brings out with particular effectiveness some points which have been comparatively little noticed by English readers. Of Lessing we have recently been told so much both at first hand and at second hand, that it was unnecessary to expatiate at great length upon his share in the progress of German thought; we may, however, direct attention to a brief criticism of the *Laocoon* which is worth considering by those who are apt to overlook the incompleteness of that most striking essay. Herder, on the contrary, has received from English writers a much smaller measure of criticism; perhaps the increasing interest which is again taken in him in Germany, and which Julian Schmidt is doing his best to keep alive by means of the occasional nudges which he is in the habit of administering to the literary public, will in due time spread further. At all events M. Hillebrand has shown with considerable force that it is a shortsighted criticism which identifies Herder with the kind of cosmopolitanism with which many both before and after Napoleon have taunted the German mind. Undoubtedly he "placed humanity higher than nationality"; but, of all the leaders of German thought in the eighteenth century, it was he who most warmly defended, and by his literary labours gave most vitality to, the national principle. In a passage at the close of his fourth lecture, too long to be extracted here, M. Hillebrand certainly approaches near to proving that no other German writer of note exercised the important indirect influence upon his contemporaries and successors which was exercised by Herder. And later, in the very caustic lecture on the Romanticists—about some of whom it is indeed time that the unvarnished truth should be told—he shows very convincingly that this school of writers "might be called the real executors of Herder's bequest, were it not that Herder contented himself with emancipating the mind from rationalistic conventionalism, whereas the romanticists, after having most effectually worked in the same direction, wanted to enthrall it in the fetters of a worse conventionalism, that of a dead tradition, galvanized by artificial means." Thus theirs was not a permanently fructifying influence like Herder's, the fullest operation of which upon a single creative genius is no doubt recognizable in the case of Goethe. Herder himself in his turn eagerly acknowledged the influence of Hamann, whose reputation must always remain of that rather exasperating kind which is not peculiar to German Universities. He was (to borrow a phrase of Thackeray's) too great and too good to leave anything more than fragments behind him.

We pass over what M. Hillebrand has to say about Goethe and Schiller, and more especially about Kant, the study of whom, as our readers may be aware, is at the present day being revived with

remarkable vigour in Germany as well as in this country. The observations contained in these lectures on the fundamental ideas of the Kantian philosophy were not intended, and are not likely to be regarded, as a material contribution to the study of the subject. For our own part, we are disposed to regard with distrust attempts to express in a few striking sentences the sum of Kant's moral creed as contrasted with "the German one." But, in any case, M. Hillebrand's view of this contrast is worth considering on its own account. The lecture containing it appropriately closes with a brief discussion of the question—Will Germany come back from its present condition, in which not only has individualism made room for uniformity and humanism for patriotism, but "the accidental practical life" seems to suffice for the generation which lives it? It is a question which, however it may be formulated, occupies the thoughts of more Germans and friends of Germany than are willing to confess the fact. The lecturer has the cheerful answer ready—that, "so soon as the long-yearned-for national State is complete and insured against inner and outer enemies, Germany will come back to the creed of the real founders of her civilization. But," he very judiciously adds, "she will only accept it with qualifications." M. Hillebrand, who in the best sense of the epithets is both a patriotic and a cosmopolitan writer, must excuse us if we say that it savours something of affectation when he describes his great nation as being unable just at present to allow itself "the luxury of such liberal ideas and feelings" as those which animated Lessing and Herder, and Goethe and Schiller. At what point in the consolidation of the great political work of this age will it be able to afford resuming them? And where are they to be locked away in the meantime? Among the representatives of political life themselves, or among the specialists in the Universities? Probably it depends as much upon her students as upon her statesmen whether Germany will remain true to traditions which can never be out of date or out of place like the hard-and-fast constitutionalism to which M. Hillebrand objects. Her sons may not be able to gratify the shade of Kant by elaborating schemes for a universal peace; but they need not insult the shade of Lessing by throwing stones at the Jews. We too have faith in the intellectual, as well as in the political, future of Germany; but most of all because we do not believe that the future leaders of German thought are likely to wait till Prince Bismarck can inform them that his work is done.

HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ARMS.*

THE combination of study and research brought to bear on this catalogue of Indian arms deserved to have been put before the public in a better shape. We do not look for gorgeous and expensive bindings to be paid out of a depleted Indian exchequer; but we think that the Secretary of State would not have been chargeable with extravagance had he sanctioned the expense of a binding in cloth. This work published by his order and under his sanction looks exactly like one of those flabby catalogues of improved cutlery, glass, or fire-irons which the British householder at once consigns to the rubbish-basket. We gather that Mr. Egerton, the author of the work, began to make a collection of Indian arms just a quarter of a century ago; that he gradually accumulated a quantity of notes to illustrate his collection; and that in some unexplained way he became connected with Dr. Forbes Watson, who was for a time at the head of the Indian Museum. When it was decided that the valuable collections of this latter department should be dispersed, it became desirable to utilize and publish officially the information stored up by officials and by amateurs like Mr. Egerton. The catalogue, as we have said, has been taken under the officialegis; the records of the India Office have been made available to the author; and the proof-sheets have been revised, in part or in whole, by such eminent scholars as Sir Henry Rawlinson, Colonel Yule, and Dr. Rost. When the loose and inaccurate spelling of old manuscripts has perplexed these gentlemen, it is scarcely to be expected that ordinary scholarship should not be at fault. Some of the names and phrases, as shown by Colonel Yule, are absolute nonsense, and cannot be identified with any dialect of civilized man. Where accuracy is so difficult of attainment, we do not intend to offer more than one or two conjectures. At page 125 Colonel Yule has put a query to *Unniannan*, which he describes as "reins of rope covered with velvet." We suggest to him that *inān* in Persian means reins, and that many of the elegancies and ornaments of social life were by Hindus borrowed from that elegant language. *Kirk narduban* can scarcely be pure Persian for "the forty steps or rungs of a ladder"; *Chihal narduban* would be more to the purpose, *Chihal-Dokhtar* and *Chihal-Situn* and *Chihal Minar* being well-known Persian phrases or places. Again, *Wadono*, a leader of division, cannot be good Sanskrit. The letter *w* is unknown to the Devanagari alphabet, though the educated youth of Bengal make strenuous efforts to introduce it in their present faulty system of alliteration in writing their own names.

We have one or two other criticisms to offer. A sketch of Indian history beginning with the poem of the Mahabharata and the rival Pandus and Kurus, and ending with the first Burmese

war, was hardly needed as an introduction. To those possessing any acquaintance with this big subject the sketch conveys little or no information. Those who want enlightenment on Indian wars and sieges can best be referred to the works of Elphinstone, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, Colonel Malleon, the late Sir John Kaye, and the late Mr. J. O. Marshman. But when we come to the weapons which the combatants used, it would not be easy to find in the same reasonable compass so much information on the matchlocks, swords, daggers, spears, and javelins used by Hindus, Mahomedans, and semi-Hindu and aboriginal tribes. We do not think that many Indian administrators will endorse Mr. Egerton's doctrine that, as India is completely pacified, "the necessity for carrying weapons is disappearing or has altogether passed away." Rather does this formidable catalogue remind us that an Arms Act and a Licensing Act, and other precautionary measures against the wholesale admission of weapons and gunpowder, are just as much needed now as they were after the Mutiny. We recollect to have read somewhere an anecdote of the First Napoleon when he was shut up in St. Helena. He there gave an audience to certain Anglo-Indian officers who, in the course of their travels in the Eastern seas, had met with a tribe of men who professed to pass their lives without resorting to or forging any weapon at all. This was too much for the ex-Emperor. "Mais sans armes, comment se bāt-on?" as if fighting were an immutable law of human nature, civilized or savage. The ingenuity of Indian handicraftsmen has not been less displayed in the grace and finish given to swords and fowling-pieces than it has been in textile fabrics, inlaid marble tombs, and gold and silver work. Not that we are to look for what are termed arms of perfection, or any marked improvements, or the invention of new machines for mowing down whole ranks of men at a time. On the contrary, old-fashioned matchlocks are still used in various parts of India, as they were in the Pindarri warfare; and some of the cannon fondly cherished by the smaller potentates might have been serviceable in the campaigns of Baber. They are yet to be seen in hill forts or on crumbling ramparts, if they are not hidden away in dry wells underground, under the vague expectation of some battle of Ramoth Gilead to which all Indian chieftains shall one day be summoned. But this volume supplies us with excellent specimens of guns elaborately chased, of daggers with hilts finely worked in jade and ivory, and of swords beautifully damascened in gold. We are reminded, too, that Oriental fancy plays with the appendages and accoutrements as well as with the arms of the warrior; with the saddle, the powder-flask, the leathern belt, and even the *ankus*, or hook with which the mahout guides his elephant.

And here a difficulty had to be acknowledged and met. The division of this rather vast subject caused the author some perplexity. It was a consideration whether the arms should be arranged historically, so as to show the Hindu period, the Mahomedan invasions of India, and the differences between Aryan and Turanian civilization. But on this basis there would have been great difficulty in fixing the dates of the specimens, and still greater in determining when, how, and where the rudest type of weapon was gradually improved. On the whole we think Mr. Egerton has shown sound judgment in treating the matter ethnologically, though it is scarcely possible to avoid some confusion even on this plan of research. On the whole, however, the races are kept tolerably apart, and we can recognize the gradations in destructiveness attained respectively by Mahrattas, Rajputs, Sikhs, Malays, Burmans, Gonds, and Bheels. We can picture the Mogul horseman heavily armed, with his coat of mail and plates and contrivances for the protection of his horse. There is the light-armed Mahratta, with his long spear, pistol and dagger, scimitar and shield, and thick quilted garment capable of turning a sword cut, but occasionally exchanged for chain armour of proof. The Rajput may be credited with proficiency with the dagger and the bow and arrow. A curved sabre destitute of a guard to the hilt may be said to distinguish those whom in a general way we term Afghans, but who are better described as Ghilzais, Momunds, and Shinwarries. In the use of the *kukri*, and the *kris* or creese, and the *dha* or cutlass, none are so capable as the Goorkhas, the Malays, and the Burmese. From these it is rather a descent to the wild tribes who rely on hatchets and bows and arrows such as moved Dugald Dalgetty to irrepressible laughter. The Santals, the Gonds, the Bheels, and the tribes on our North-Western frontier can, however, do considerable execution with these primitive weapons against "ground game," and occasionally against rival tribes, though unequally matched against Regulars. The Santal can transfix a hare or partridge as well as a deer or a leopard, using different arrows according to the size of the game; the Baiga in the Central Provinces can bring down deer with a hatchet; while the Bheel of Western India can send a barbed arrow into a fish. It is gratifying to reflect that these savages have been befriended and reclaimed by soldiers and civilians devoted to sport, and that expeditions in search of big game in wilds and fastnesses have been the means of turning sportsmen into philanthropists and of adding many creditable episodes to the pages of Indian administration.

The chapter on artillery leads Mr. Egerton to specify sundry huge and unwieldy pieces of ordnance which were cast to please the extravagant fancy of emperors and their lieutenants. One was made in 1549, in the reign of Akbar, at Ahmednuggur, and is mentioned by Grant-Duff in his history of the Mahrattas. It was so huge that the Government in 1823 were unable to ship it to England. At Asirgurb, in 1818 we captured a gun carrying an enormous weight of metal, about which fabulous reports were spread

* An Illustrated Handbook of Indian Arms; being a Classified and Descriptive Catalogue of the Arms Exhibited at the India Museum. With an Introductory Sketch of the Military History of India. By the Hon. W. Egerton, M.A., M.P. Published by order of the Secretary of State for India in Council. London: Allen & Co.; W. Griggs, Hanover Street, Peckham, S.E. 1880.

by the natives. Another heavy piece, of brass, was taken at Bhurtpore. The Sikh artillery, though not quite so bulky, was far more effective, as we found to our cost. "Futteh Jung" was, however, a gun of considerable calibre, and played over our ranks during the eventful night of Ferozshah, till silenced by the determined advance of a small body of infantry in reply to Lord Hardinge, who went about the field and asked the "lads" if they "could not silence that gun." We think this cannon is still to be seen in the courtyard of the Government House at Calcutta. Some time ago the Indian Government called for a return of the forces and artillery still possessed by the native powers of India, big and little; and the replies sent suggested many curious reflections as to the nature of our tenure and ascendancy in India, and the right policy towards tributary and feudatory Rajas.

Several of Mr. Egerton's anecdotes, if not absolutely new, are interesting. It did not come within the scope of his work to give us any proverbs or sayings save those which bear on warlike preparations. But when he tells us incidentally that the Bundelas, or inhabitants of Bundelkund, are of Rajput extraction, and haughty and independent, and that their "boorishness" has passed into a proverb, we are reminded of another current saying which designates them as highly accomplished cheats. *Ek san dundi, nā ek Bundelcundi*. "One hundred weigh-men are not equal to a single man of Bundelcund," however deceitful on the weights the former may be. Where he quotes Paulus Jovius, as quoted by Colonel Yule, for the statement that a good Persian blade would "cut through a silk handkerchief when drawn across it," we are reminded of Saladin's feat which astonished Richard and De Vaux in the *Talisman* as a sheer piece of jugglery. The quoit-throwing of the Sikhs rests on the ocular evidence of scores of officers. Mr. Egerton says casually that a Sikh soldier twists a thin circlet of steel round his forefinger and launches it with deadly aim at eighty paces. We have seen an expert of this race cut through the stem of a plantain tree with the *chakar* or quoit, at about that distance, but not without divers preliminary failures. But why, when dealing with Ranjit Sing and his Sikh army, does Mr. Egerton mention only two of the French officers under whose direction the Akalis and the Sikh artillery attained such excellence? To the names of Allard and Ventura, should be added those of Court and Aritabile, the latter a Neapolitan by birth, who spoke no one language, not even Italian, with correctness, but had the art of making himself obeyed, understood, and feared in his iron rule at Peshawur.

Mr. Egerton's work will be found especially useful to the antiquary and the collector of rare articles. We should have been glad if he had condescended to give us some specimens of the arms used by that estimable functionary, the *choukidar*, or village watchman, or of the *garāsa* and *sarkhi*, or spears employed by clubmen and heroes of village fights in what are termed "agrarian disputes." But if there is any mention of such rude weapons, we have failed to hit on it. Attempts have recently been made to put the whole village police, especially in the Lower Provinces of Bengal, as regards duties, pay, and equipment, on a more satisfactory footing; and though this reform may be a work of time, we can state confidently that a better constabulary, the establishment of numerous subdivisions, and the greater number of officers, have resulted in diminishing the number of *lattials*, or hired clubmen, and in restricting fights about the possession of lands or the demarcation of boundaries to the proper arena of the civil courts. Very ugly wounds used to be inflicted in these encounters, which the police, with ample notice, some thirty years ago, were quite powerless to prevent. And notable feats have been accomplished with the watchman's clumsy spear with its broad blade. We remember an experienced collector, while engaged in the assessment of an estate, snatching a weapon of this kind from the hands of a bewildered official, and riding down single-handed and killing a good-sized boar which had been just started out of a patch of a cover during his morning's survey work. But the effect of arms, after all, whether rude or elaborate, depends on the skill with which they can be wielded; and not the least significant passage in this retrospect of Indian history is the remark of Bernier as to the quality of the Moghul soldiery. Mr. Egerton does not give the French Doctor's exact words, but, to our recollection, he was decidedly of opinion that twenty-four thousand men led by M. le Prince (Condé), or some other capable general, would walk over the bodies (*devraient passer sur le ventre*) of three times that number of the Imperial forces of Delhi and Agra. How Bernier's accurate forecast was verified a century afterwards by a rival nation makes up, as we all know, several volumes of stirring Anglo-Indian history.

FATHER PROUT.*

THE republication of a work chiefly humorous in intention, a long time after its original appearance, is perhaps a greater test of its excellence than is the case with any other class of literature. Nothing varies so much from time to time as the taste of the age in jests, and what survives must have an intrinsic excellence which is very far from ordinary. Even in the work of the greatest provokers of laughter there is much nowadays over which readers pass as rapidly as they can, and with smaller men the passing gets altogether the better of the reading. These are trite

enough reflections, perhaps; but the republication of such a book as that before us suggests them somewhat pointedly. The renown of Father Prout is still considerable, though it is probable that for some years his readers have been but few. It was only in the year of Sadowna that he died, but he was even then more of a name than a reality to all except his personal friends. Thirty years had passed since *Regina* used to contain the *Reliques*, with Maclise's dainty illustrations of them, and during that time the author had given to the world little of any kind, and nothing that was not more or less ephemeral. He was personally familiar with most of the literary generation of 1830-1860, with Dickens and Thackeray and their compeers, and had become known (chiefly in Paris) to a younger generation of newspaper men, of whom he himself had always, though with some intermissions, continued to be one. But he lived little in England. He was that always questionable character, an unfrocked or half-unfrocked priest, and he never appeared before the public in his own person. The *Reliques of Father Prout* were reprinted once and again, and constantly gave a new and sometimes a considerable relish to boys with a taste for rummaging the shelves of their fathers' libraries. But they have long ceased to be much read, or even to be much quoted.

Few people, even if they have a very indistinct notion of the *Reliques*, need to be told that Father Prout was an eidolon, and that his name in the flesh was Francis Mahony. He was a native of the South-West of Ireland, a pupil of the Jesuits, and a priest, though for the greater part of his life not a very priestly one. Not very many details of that life are given in Mr. Kent's Introduction, and it is well to mention that the volume, though it may fairly enough pretend to be "The Works of Father Prout," has no pretensions, and does not make any, to contain all the works of Mahony. Its contents simply consist of the *Reliques* as they have been before now more than once published, and of a few waifs and strays principally from *Bentley's Miscellany*. Mahony was, as has been said, educated by the Jesuits, and he tried fairly enough to find a vocation in his profession. But he found none. Then he drifted to London and began to write the "Prout Papers" for *Fraser's Magazine*. Wilson had set the fashion of dialogue of a convivial order, and others had accustomed readers to miscellaneous magazine discussions *de omnibus rebus*. Mahony was by no means ill-equipped for such work. He had a good deal of miscellaneous reading, a knack of easy verse, a considerable fund of a certain kind of humour, and a few strong likes and dislikes to things and persons. It would be pleasant to think that these dislikes were thoroughly genuine; but it is at least suspicious that during his journalist life he should have at one time been apparently a violent Conservative and at another a decided Liberal. Political reasons might, had he been more consistent, account satisfactorily enough for his dislike to Moore and to O'Connell; but somehow or other it is difficult not to recollect that these two were the most famous Irishmen of his day, and to see something of mere factious jealousy in the unrelenting way in which he pursues both on every occasion. It would indeed be rather difficult—perhaps the safer word would be impossible—to make out for Mahony any comprehensible bundle of beliefs. His ideas, critical, political, and other, always seem to have come to him in a more or less haphazard fashion, and he made no particular attempt to tie them together. His warmest admirers, however, would hardly claim for him any particular value as an exponent of opinion. Such reputation as he has is that of a humourist, and especially of a composer of humorous songs and parodies. A perusal of his book justifies this reputation to some extent, but only to some extent. Mahony had one original, or tolerably original, idea—that of writing paraphrases of well-known verses in languages different from that of the originals, and then holding up those originals as plagiarisms from his versions. For producing these curious *jeux d'esprit* he had no doubt a wonderful faculty. His French original of the "Burial of Sir John Moore" has indeed some faults of versification, but it is a really remarkable piece of mocking-bird music, and the same may be said of scores more of the lyrics so lavishly strewn about these pages. Unfortunately, however, the fancy struck him to weave numbers of these things into connected wholes, and the result cannot be said to be, at this time of day at any rate, fortunate. The "Rogueries of Tom Moore" would be a great deal more readable if the whole of the connecting prose were struck out and nothing but the versions retained. For the style of humour which was then prevalent in magazine-writing was, on the whole, heavy and constrained, so much so that it is not surprising to read of the mortifications which Thackeray underwent in the earlier part of his literary career. His touch must have seemed far too light, his humour altogether too airy, to those who preferred the floundering horse-play which Maginn and Mahony allowed themselves. Every now and then there are flashes, as, for instance, when the Father meets the argument that the *Melodies* are much better translations of his supposed originals than the *Anacreon* is of its own. But these are, on the whole, rare. The "Carousal" in which Father Prout entertains Sir Walter Scott is not exactly a *Cana Deum*, and the piece called "Dean Swift's Madness" is not only spoilt by its utter indifference to *vraisemblance*, but by the strange mixture of the serious and burlesque in it. Indeed Mahony seems never to have been quite clear whether he was writing seriously or not, and his work has therefore but too often the appearance of an awkward and badly joined mosaic. Still the verse, if not the prose, is well worth republication. The French and the Latin pieces are by far the best, Mahony having apparently a peculiar facility in those two languages. The Greek are for the

* The Works of Father Prout. Edited by Charles Kent. London: Routledge. 1881.

most part stiff, and the English very unequal. But in French or in Latin he had a really wonderful knack of catching up the main ideas and almost the words of an English poem, and reproducing them in a manner calculated to make the reader (with a little good will) believe that the relations of copy and original were reversed. Of the two, the Latin are even better than the French. It is said that the incomparable version of Ivanhoe's epitaph in *Rebecca and Rowena* is due to Mahony, and he was certainly fully capable of writing it, which is perhaps more than can be said of Thackeray himself. But, on the other hand, if the two friends' versions of *Le Grenier* are compared, Mahony is infinitely inferior. His practice in easy verse, written in languages somewhat unfamiliar to his readers, had led him into the habit of constantly using weak or otiose expressions to fill up a gap in rhyme or metre. So for

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau,

he gives us the unutterably feeble

O! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand.

And for "le canon gronde," "bronze cannon roared." Who on earth cares whether they were bronze or iron? So, too, it is to be noted that his irregular Latin verse, where the scansion is merely by accent, and where rhyme is admitted, is far better than his attempts at pure quantity-metres on the classical model. There is hardly any comparison between the merits of "Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye" and of "John Anderson, my Joe" in his versions. The merely accent-scanned trochees of the first are capital; the *aleaics* which do duty for the second are such as a sixth-form boy would hardly get much praise for.

It is curious to take Prout's work and to compare it with that of a somewhat elder contemporary of his, who, like him, was an ardent lover of the classical languages, like him had a great faculty of verse, and, like him, left work which is almost always humorous in intention. There is hardly a page of Peacock's work which is not interesting and delightful to read at the present day, while the pages of Prout which are really and honestly interesting and delightful now might, we fear, be collected in a much smaller volume than that which lies before us. The reason of the difference is certainly not to be found in the fact that Peacock wrote novels and Mahony essays; for, though the novel may be the more attractive form at the time, it far more rarely retains its attraction. It is rather to be found in the facts, first, that the one was above all things an exact and scholarly writer, while the other was in the last degree inaccurate and careless; and, secondly, that the one has infinitely more of the "critic of life" about him than the other. Mr. Matthew Arnold's favourite phrase may be a very bad definition of good poetry, but it is an admirable definition of good humour. Humorous writing that is to tell at all must deal with the facts of life, and that which is to continue to tell must deal with those facts of life which are more or less permanent. This is exactly what Peacock's writing does, and what Prout's does not. He is hardly in any sense an observer of actual life. He has before him an ideal, or rather conventional, sort of existence, in which the personages read books, sing songs, and drink whisky, but that is all. Every now and then, when he gets a little nearer to fact, as, for instance, in the paper on the Jesuits, he is at his best. So true is Thackeray's principle that the humourist is always more or less of a preacher, and can hardly dispense with something of a serious purpose.

For this reason Mahony is not likely, we think, to occupy any very exalted place in the literary history of the nineteenth century, and his book is likely to be less and less read as time goes on. It is essentially a book—we speak of it in the singular, inasmuch as his other work is of still less literary importance—to be subjected to the usually unfair process of selection. There might be made out of its verses a most pleasant anthology, and perhaps here and there a prose passage or two might be judiciously included in the salvage. But the papers, as a whole, cannot be said to be lively reading nowadays. Those which are chiefly literary reviews, such as the series on the songs of France and Italy, show good will, but little critical power, and a most deplorable habit of inaccurate statement. Those which are of a miscellaneous kind lack body and coherence. The present edition is injured by desperately small print and by extremely careless "reading," which has left the verses in foreign languages full of misprints and blunders of all kinds. But it is, considering its cheapness and the space at the disposal of the editor, fairly provided with introductory matter both to the whole book and to the individual papers.

THE MAHOMEDAN LAW OF INHERITANCE.*

ALL Mahomedan law is founded upon the Kurán, and is inseparably bound up with the religion of Islám: but, notwithstanding this unity of source, the number of sects and the diversities of legal interpretation are very numerous. Some sects, with their peculiar religious and legal doctrines, have passed away; but Mahomedanism, like all religions that retain vitality, still develops new views and new interpretations. Reason, experience,

and expediency operate on one side; while a rigid adherence to the text and to old interpretations of famous commentators has a strong countervailing influence on the other. The two great divisions of the Mahomedan world are the Sunnis and the Shias. The Turks, Indians, and Afghans are Sunnis; the Persians are Shias—generally, but not exclusively. Though the Mahomedans of India are in the main Sunnis, there are many Shias in the country, and the sect has been continually recruited by immigrants from Persia. Many a fierce and bloody religious quarrel has been fought out between the opposing sects in India, and the courts are frequently called upon to administer the law as interpreted by the Shias. The main point of difference between the Sunnis and the Shias is that the former recognize as lawful the succession of Abu Bakr, Omar, and Osman, the three Khalifs next after Mahomed; while the Shias altogether reject them, and declare that Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomed, was the true successor, and ought to have come immediately after him, instead of having his rights postponed till after the death of these three. Another great distinction, and the all-important one in a legal point of view, is that the Sunnis, as their name implies, are the people of the *Sunnah* or Traditions. The *Sunnah* embraces traditional accounts of whatever the Prophet did or tacitly allowed, and includes also the *hadis* or sayings which his hearers committed to memory and handed down to those who came after. These were not reduced to writing until after the Prophet's death; but they are regarded by the Sunnis as a supplement to the Kurán, and as being equal, or all but equal, to it in authority. The Shias reject all the traditions and rely solely on the Kurán; but, notwithstanding this, their sects and diverse interpretations of the law exceed in number those of the Sunnis. The works upon religion and law which have been produced by these two leading sects are almost innumerable. Some treatises have come down from very early times; but many must have been lost and entirely forgotten amid the wars and revolutions of the Mahomedan world. The Sunnis have four distinct schools of jurisprudence, each named after its founder. The most important is the Hanafí, founded by Abú Hanífa, who was born in the year 80 of the Hijra (A.D. 699). This learned doctor had a true judicial mind, and gave great scope to reason in his interpretation of the maxims of the Kurán; hence his followers are known as "People of Reason." His teachings prevail in India, and his doctrines are those which our courts have principally to apply.

In the early days of British rule in India the Mahomedan law was administered both in civil and criminal cases. The criminal law was in many respects repugnant to European ideas of justice and humanity. Alterations and improvements were made which removed some of its most objectionable features; but the whole has long been swept away, and its place supplied by a Code which has gained a well-merited fame for its justice, humanity, and comprehensiveness. The Civil Law is still maintained in force by the British Government, and is administered to Mahomedan subjects in all cases relating to the devolution of property and to rights which have not been touched by the statute law of British India. Formerly the Civil Courts had Mahomedan law officers, whose duty it was to give expositions of the law applicable to the cases referred to them. This dependence on the professional opinions of lawyers whose qualifications were not always of the highest order, and whose probity was not entirely proof against suspicion, was neither agreeable to British judges nor satisfactory to the ruling power. In very early days translations were made of Arabic treatises on law, which gave the judges an insight into its principles, and enabled them to check the opinions of their law-officers. Other translations followed, and were succeeded by original treatises which have so thoroughly mastered the whole working of the Mahomedan law that judges are now independent of professional advice, and, under an Act passed in 1864, have to decide cases entirely upon their own knowledge and judgment.

The study of Mahomedan and Hindu law has of late years grown rapidly into favour among our own lawyers. There is of course the inducement of the material advantages which a knowledge of these subjects is likely to win for its possessor, and there is also the attraction which these remarkable and highly developed systems of law present to the scientific lawyer. The laws deserve the attention that has been given to them, and the works which the study has produced are worthy of the subject. Among these works the one before us holds a conspicuous and well-merited place. It is chiefly devoted to an exposition of the Mahomedan law of Inheritance, but it contains chapters on Marriage, Dower, Wills, and other matters which have to be decided for Mahomedans according to their own law. Practically it is a new work, for although the author published in 1866 a *Chart of Family Inheritance*, that occupied only 50 pages, while this fills nearly five hundred. The former work was recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners to the candidates selected for the Indian Civil Service, and this enlarged work will doubtless receive greater favour both at home and in India.

The Mahomedan law of Inheritance is a great triumph of legal science:—

It comprises, beyond question, the most refined and elaborate system of rules for the devolution of property that is known to the civilized world, and its beauty and symmetry are such that it is worthy to be studied, not only by lawyers with a view to its practical application, but for its own sake, and by those who have no other object in view than their intellectual culture and gratification.

Our space will not admit of more than a few brief notices of two or three of its leading principles and of its *modus operandi*.

* *Mohammudan Law of Inheritance, and Rights and Relations affecting it.—Sunnai Doctrine.* Comprising a Chart of Family Inheritance. By Alaric Rumsey, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Indian Jurisprudence at King's College, London. London: Allen & Co.

The law recognizes no distinction between ancestral and acquired or real and personal property. It knows nothing of primogeniture, and, generally speaking, it does not admit right by representation. If a man leaves sons and sons of a deceased son, the latter are excluded, having no right as representatives of their father; and so, if a man leaves only son's sons, they take equal shares, *per capita* not *per stirpes*. The relatives of a deceased person are divided into three classes—Sharers, Residuaries, and Distant Kindred. The primary Residuaries are the son, son's son, brother and brother's son, uncle and uncle's son and "every male in whose line of relation to the deceased no female enters." No female relative is primarily a residuary, but females come in subsequently; thus a son takes two shares, the daughter then takes one. These are the heirs to the bulk of the estate after the claims of the specific sharers have been settled. The sharers are twelve in number—four males and eight females. The males are the husband, father, grandfather, and brother; the females are the wife, daughter, mother, grandmother, sister, &c. The share of a husband is $\frac{1}{2}$ when there is a male descendant, $\frac{2}{3}$ when there is not; of a wife or wives, $\frac{1}{3}$ in the former case, and $\frac{2}{3}$ in the latter; a father or grandfather's share is $\frac{1}{4}$. It is obvious that in default of nearer male heirs, some of these "sharers" may be the "residuaries." In apportioning the property of a deceased person the first business is to settle the rights of the "sharers." Mahomedan lawyers have framed a number of minute and artificial rules applicable to particular classes of cases; but all questions of apportionment are easily solved by the processes of arithmetic, by bringing the fractional shares down to a common denominator. Mr. Rumsey gives a great number of illustrative examples, of which the following is one of the most simple. The claimants to an estate are the wife, mother, and two sons. The wife's share is $\frac{1}{2}$, the mother's $\frac{1}{3}$, the two sons as residuaries divide the residue; so the wife gets $\frac{6}{11}$, the mother $\frac{4}{11}$, and each son $\frac{1}{11}$. When there are several varieties of sharers, the common denominator is sometimes very high, in one of the examples it is 4,320 and in another 5,040. The cases of inheritance which present themselves for settlement are almost infinite; but the principles upon which the division of an estate has to be made are so clear that a very small percentage of cases come before the law courts; they are settled by the parties themselves, assisted by their legal advisers. Mr. Rumsey's book so clearly explains the principles, and so fully illustrates them by examples, that if every possible contingency has not been provided for, the means of solving it can be discovered and applied.

Mahomedan law recognizes the testamentary power, and every person of full age may dispose by will of one-third of his property after payment of debts and funeral expenses. No man can wholly disinherit his heirs without their consent; but in the extreme case of a person having no heirs the whole property may be conveyed by will. Mr. Rumsey gives two chapters on Marriage and Dower, and, indeed, no work on Mahomedan inheritance would be complete without some notice of these subjects. Marriage carries with it rights of inheritance, and the dower settled upon the wife may, and often does, interfere with the rights of the ordinary heirs. Dower is held to be the price promised or paid by the husband for possession of the wife's person. If unpaid, it is a debt on the husband's estate. It takes precedence of all claims by inheritance, and descends by inheritance to the wife's heirs. The amount of dower is entirely arbitrary, and varies according to the position in life, and the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of the bride. It is settled by the relatives of the contracting parties; but if a marriage has been agreed upon and the amount of dower is disputed, the magistrate has authority to determine the just amount. Divorce is a very easy matter under the Mahomedan law, and may be effected at the mere will of the husband; but a man cannot repudiate his wife without paying her dower; so it sometimes happens that a very ardent lover, or one willing to divest himself of the power of divorce, will agree to an amount of dower which it is quite impossible for him to discharge. From this there is no escape but payment, or remission on the part of the wife. A free man may not have more than four wives at the same time; a slave may not have more than two. There is a long and well-defined table of "Prohibited Degrees," and this includes not only relations by blood, but, generally speaking, those also who stand in the same relation by fosterage. Free persons cannot marry their own slaves, because parents have by law an equal right in their offspring, and this right is incompatible with the position of owner and slave. Mr. Rumsey lays down the law that "An usufructuary marriage, i.e., where a man says to a woman 'I will take the use of you for such a time for so much,' is void; so also is a temporary marriage (e.g., a marriage for ten days), whether for a short or for a long time." This is strictly accurate as regards the Sunnis, with whom this work is concerned; but it is one of the points on which the Shias differ from them. A verse of the Kurán has been interpreted by the Shias as warranting such a temporary marriage; the Sunnis, by the help of their traditions, have come to a different and certainly a more moral interpretation. Kings and great men have occasionally availed themselves of the diverse views of the different schools to obtain legal sanction for irregular practices. They have known where to seek the required authority for their backslidings, as professional men at home know where to look for scientific opinions in support of particular views. There is a curious case on record upon this very point of a temporary marriage. A certain King of Bidar in the fifteenth century is described as being very orthodox and a great admirer of the fair sex. He complained to his Sunni lawyers of being limited to four wives, and desired to know how he might marry more. They could only help him by

pointing out that, although he could have only four at a time, he might divorce one wife and marry another as often as he pleased. This was not what he wanted; so he addressed himself to a learned Shia who was present at his Court. From him he obtained the opinion that a *mutah*, or temporary marriage, was legal, and had been practised in the time of the Prophet. This exposition was contested by the Sunni lawyers, and a long discussion ensued with a foregone conclusion on the King's part. He was satisfied that temporary marriages were recognized in the days of the Prophet, and so he married eight hundred women in one day. This Solomon of India had not only wives from every country in India, but Chinese and Afghans, Turks and Europeans, and it was his boast that he was able to speak to each one in her own language. He must have exceeded his great prototype in tact and wisdom, for he treated them all so kindly that each wife is said to have thought herself the best beloved. It must be observed, however, that he kept them separate; each wife had distinct apartments, and was attended by servants of her own country.

The book under notice has received the approbation of the Civil Service Commissioners and their advisers, and it will, no doubt, come into general use in India. It is already a text-book for students, and must become a book of reference and authority indispensable to all engaged in administering Mahomedan law. A further edition will probably be needed ere long, and Mr. Rumsey would probably do well to have in readiness a Supplement containing an exposition of the more important variations of the Shia doctrines. They are curious in themselves for lawyers interested in studying the growth and divergence of laws, and, though not so necessary in practice, the adjudication on Shia disputes will occasionally, and in some districts may frequently, fall to the lot of an English judge.

LIZZIE OF THE MILL.*

THOUGH the German novels which are now so often introduced to us in an English version do not differ much in point of construction or plot from those of our own country and age, yet they generally have a certain merit of their own. There is, of course, the usual love-making and the proper allowance of good and bad characters. Heroes and heroines behave much as they do with us; while obstacles of the same kind are piled up in their paths, to be cleared away by the means which we all know so well. In fact, these German novels, as well as ours, run a course that is very much like that of a fever. Day after day the patient's temperature rises, his pulse beats faster, and the complications of his disorder increase, till even the experienced doctor and nurse become alarmed; when one night he most unexpectedly falls into a refreshing sleep, and wakes next morning weak, no doubt, but out of danger and on the fair way to a rapid recovery. So is it with the plot of a story, whether it be written by a German or an Englishman. It opens with a slight complication which steadily grows greater, till at last it seems as if it must enfold hero and heroine alike with utter misery; and then, after it has run its proper stage for rather more than two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, of the book, a sudden change takes place, and all the good characters become as happy as before they had been miserable. But, though there is this uniformity in all modern novels, yet a certain agreeable variety may be derived from the people among whom the scene is laid. We are, we are sorry to have to own it, heartily tired of the heroic characters of our own race. We are familiar with them in every rank of society, from dukes and duchesses down to the dwellers in the lowest courts in Whitechapel or St. Giles's. We do not know whether we could not manage to exist very comfortably for a whole twelvemonth without making the acquaintance of a single new hero or heroine. We feel towards them—those, we mean, of our modern novelists—much in the same way as a traveller in Spain, at the end of his first week, feels towards all the dishes that are set before him. Garlic may be good, but, considering that its taste is very strong, it may impart a disagreeable sameness to a meal when it is introduced into every dish. In like manner, the heroic seasoning—if we may venture to use the expression—that writers use at present for their tales, if it is not wanting in strength, certainly is wanting in delicacy and variety. Now in these German stories we often find described a simple kind of life which is interesting enough to read about. There is a homeliness in the people which unhappily is no longer found to anything like the same extent in England. It reminds us more of the middle-class life that Scott has so admirably and so often described, with its hospitality, its simplicity, and its absence of formality. In the household of Herr Erving, the rich paper-maker, the father of Lizzie of the Mill, who gives her name to the story before us, we have an instance of that kind of life which tradesmen led before they had begun to trouble their heads about what might be thought of them by those who were born in a higher class. It is a simple, comfortable home, unspoilt by any of the apings of gentility. When next we travel in Germany we shall account ourselves fortunate should we chance to meet the worthy paper-maker on the bridge close to his house. We are sure that he will give us a courteous welcome, and we are quite as sure that we shall at once accept it. Though his daughter is a most charming young lady—indeed a model heroine—yet we do not feel equally sure about visiting her at Derenberg Castle hard by. She will not, we know, have been in the least spoilt by be-

* *Lizzie of the Mill*. From the German of W. Heimburg. By Christina Tyrrell. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

coming a Baroness; but, to tell the plain truth, we do not care for her husband the Baron. The author, it is clear, means him for an heroic character, though one which till close on the last chapter is marred by certain imperfections. We can only look upon him as a very poor, pitiful creature, who much more deserved to be ducked in the mill-stream than to win the hand of the miller's beautiful daughter. There was, however, a good deal to be said for him by way of excuse. To begin with, though a gentleman, he was a marvellously poor one. He had, moreover, a most despotic and haughty old grandmother, who ruled the whole household with a rod of iron, and had brought up her grandson with the fullest sense of his own importance. She was a dreadfully wicked old lady. Years before the story opened, she had, by her slanders, not only caused the death of another Lizzie of the Mill—the heroine's grand-aunt—but also the utter ruin of her brother-in-law, Baron Fritz. By her extravagance she had brought down the family almost to beggary; moreover, it was owing to her that her only son, the hero's father, had ended his life by his own hand. The wrong that she had done to the first Lizzie made her hate the second. When children, the hero and his sister Nelly had been the playmates of the miller's little daughter. As they grew up the friendship between the two girls grew stronger, but the young Baron yielded to his grandmother's influence, and left off visiting at the Mill. Poor Lizzie had meanwhile fallen over head and ears in love with him, but found herself only slighted.

One day the Baron was shown by the wicked old lady a book in which was contained a history of his family. He read about a certain Agneta Maud Derenberg, who had had, if her picture was to be trusted, a remarkable head of hair. It was "a cloud of luxuriant golden, nay, red hair, drawn back from the white brow, and confined in a little cap of some silver tissue." The painter, by the way, must have had no small skill in his art who could paint a cloud when it was drawn back and confined. Be that as it may, the old family chronicler had thought it needful, in describing this lady, to quote an ancient proverb which says,

But, beware! Look to the haire!
If redde, be sure 'twill prove a snare!

The reader's attention is at once roused, for he feels quite sure that with the first red-haired woman that the hero comes across he will straightway fall in love. As yet we had only made the acquaintance of his sister Nelly. She, of course, might have been a source of danger to some other young man, but, though she had "a wealth of fair curls," we do not make out that they were red. What, we ask ourselves, will be the colour of the locks of the as yet unknown Lizzie of the Mill? We hasten on with the story, and soon, to our great satisfaction, discover the usual signs of the near approach of a heroine. The author makes a great call upon his own powers and upon those of nature too. We come upon such a passage, for instance, as the following in the midst of a great deal of fine writing:—"Over the whole landscape lay the rosy shimmer of the setting sun, declining gradually in the far horizon in a violet sea of wondrous hue." We no more doubt that the heroine is but a page or two off than we doubt that on the stage a great king or conqueror is approaching when the supernumeraries come marching in two and two in scarlet tunics, with halberds on their shoulders. But when the heroine does make her appearance, we find that her hair is brown. Patience, we say to ourselves, and read steadily on. Before long we are rewarded. We hear first of a rich childless aunt of the young Baron's, who might restore the fortunes of the family by dying at a convenient time, and leaving her nephew all her money. She has, however, an only niece Blanche, and to her, of course, she might leave everything. The wicked old grandmother schemes a marriage between the young people. Meanwhile, till we know the colour of the niece's hair, we cannot ourselves come to any conclusion about the proposed alliance. The hero goes off to make her acquaintance, and at once our alarms are raised. About the dangerous colour of her hair there could not be a doubt. A golden fringe glistened on her forehead, and down her back flowed a wealth of luxuriant golden-red hair. It formed an aureole round her pale face, and fell like a shining veil about her shoulders. It was a golden glimmer, a golden flood, and a cloud of gleaming red hair. Nay, the author's powers of description are not even yet exhausted. He makes one more effort, and we read that "down the fairy's back rolled masses of luxuriant, wonderful red hair." The hero, being a young fool, of course despised the family chronicler, did not beware, but looked to the hair only much too much. It was red, and it did prove a snare. Everything goes as wrong as can be for many a chapter. Poor Lizzie is forgotten, and the Baron and his cousin become engaged. Happily, just when the heroine seemed on the point of breaking her heart, the old aunt dies, and leaves all her property to the fair one of the golden glimmer of the wealth of luxuriant red hair. She at once jilts her poor cousin and so fulfils the warning of the proverb. He is heart-broken for at least four-and-twenty hours, when suddenly he discovers how fond he had always been of Lizzie and how fond she had always been of him. He proposes and is at once accepted. The course of love does not, however, run smooth at once, for he is naturally looked upon with great suspicion by the old paper-maker, who no doubt, not being well read in modern novels, did not understand with what rapidity it is possible to fall out of love and into it again. However, at last everything is cleared up, and everybody seems to be quite satisfied, except the wicked grandmother and, perhaps, the reader. We, at all events, as we have already said, are by no means pleased to see so charming a heroine fall to so pitiful a hero. We shall think even worse than

ever of foreign barons if this fellow is to be taken as one of the best of them.

Certainly the conclusion of the story is not only very inartistic, but it drags greatly. Yet the book, as a whole, is prettily and pleasantly written, while one or two of the characters are very well drawn. The translator has done her work well, and does not often let German idioms peep up in the midst of English words. We could have wished, however, that she had kept clear of the silly phrases of our novelists, for which we greatly doubt whether their counterpart is to be found in the original. If the author affects fine words with very little meaning, the translator has done right to seek their equivalents in English; but if he has written, as we feel almost sure he has, simple German, she would have done well had she also written plain English.

THE DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

UNIFORM with the important *Dictionary of Christian Biography* now in course of publication, and of which we have spoken on two occasions, this *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, just completed by the appearance of its second volume, forms, together with it and the well-known *Dictionary of the Bible*, that great trilogy of ecclesiastical cyclopædies which we owe to Mr. Murray's enterprise, seconded by the skill of Dr. Smith and his coadjutors. Taken together, the three series leave little or nothing to be desired. The use of these most convenient and comprehensive manuals will no doubt supersede in a great measure that independent research which is so useful—for its indirect as well as its immediate results—to all young students. On the other hand, the accumulation of such a mass of varied learning, in a form most convenient for reference, and at a (comparatively speaking) small cost, cannot but be advantageous even to advanced scholars who have ample time at their disposal and means of access to considerable libraries. These invaluable books of reference form, indeed, for the ground which they cover, a complete library in miniature.

The work before us is unusually well done. It begins at the period at which the *Dictionary of the Bible* left off, and it extends to the time of Charles the Great, thus excluding the middle ages, properly so called. A hint is given in the editorial preface that the later developments of Christian ritual, the history of the great monastic and mendicant orders, and the several arts and institutions of the middle ages, may form the subject of a further separate publication. The two volumes now before us are to the archaeology of the earlier Christian Church that which the well-known *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* is to the public and private life of classical antiquity. We find in them almost all that can be gathered together about the organization, the discipline, the geographical extension, the legislation and revenues of the Church; the social life of the first Christian ages; the churches and buildings, the worship and ceremonial, the hagiology and the symbolism, and the general archaeology of the first ten centuries. Dr. Smith has been the general editor of the whole work, assisted in the first volume by Dr. Stubbs, Professor Plumtre, and Archdeacon Cheetham, and in the last volume by Archdeacon Cheetham alone. The number of contributors to the work would have to be counted by scores.

There are very few depreciatory criticisms to be made on these volumes. It is a misfortune and a serious mistake that the scholars who have undertaken the ancient martyrologies and Church Calendars have contributed the names of so many saints to this series rather than to the *Dictionary of Biography*, to which they certainly more fitly belong, and where a student would certainly first look for them. The editors say, indeed, that they have reserved the "lives" of these personages, "when they are of any importance," for the biographical series, reserving their names and days of commemoration for this branch of the work. But this arrangement is unintelligible and perplexing. Of "St. Gall," for example, we are here only told that he was a "presbyter and confessor in Germany, commemorated February 20," without any hint of his date. Why should an inquirer have to search for further information by another reference to another volume?

Dr. Smith made, it must be confessed, a very judicious choice of colleagues in the present undertaking. He entrusted Dr. Stubbs with the whole branch of the subject which includes the laws, the government, the discipline, and the revenues of the Church and its religious orders, and Dr. Plumtre with the treatment of the education and social life of the earlier Christian ages. Both these gentlemen, however, were obliged, as the work proceeded, to request to be relieved of their engagements by the pressure of other duties. Professor (now Archdeacon) Cheetham succeeded to their posts, in addition to the responsibility for all that concerns Christian worship and ceremonial, which had been his department from the beginning. The regretted deaths of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, of Mr. A. W. Haddan, and Mr. Wharton Marriott, deprived the staff of three most qualified members; and the elevation of Dr. Benson and Dr. Lightfoot to the episcopate must have hindered not a little their literary engagements. But the work has not materially suffered, in respect of ability or completeness, by any of these changes.

There are numerous excellent illustrations to the two volumes

* *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities: being a Continuation of "The Dictionary of the Bible."* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Samuel Cheetham, M.A., Archdeacon of Southwark. 2 vols. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. London: John Murray. 1875 and 1880.

before us. They add greatly to the lucidity and general value of the text. We observe that not a few of them are not original, more especially those which illustrate the structure and the art of the Catacombs. But this, perhaps, was unavoidable. The Catacombs are undertaken in all their branches by Canon Venables, who also supplements Mr. Alexander Nesbitt in the department of what is called Ecclesiology. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt is responsible for all the purely artistic articles in this series.

It is almost impossible to give any idea, still less any criticism, of the mass of learning here accumulated. Few subjects are more thoroughly treated than that of "Lamps," by Dr. Churchill Babington. The illustrations of this paper are most instructive. The "Lighting of Lamps" is made a separate article, contributed, with great fulness of knowledge, by Mr. Hotham, the Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. To this gentleman, we observe, the whole branch of Oriental liturgical antiquities has been committed. But the subject of the "Ceremonial Use of Lights" is treated by an even more competent writer, the Rev. W. E. Scudamore, author of the *Notitia Eucharistica*. This is, in many respects, a remarkable paper from its great research and excellent common sense. It undertakes to prove that for the first three hundred years of the Christian Church there was no ceremonial use of lighted candles, torches, or lamps in the daytime in divine worship. But it is shown that in the fourth century, partly in honour of martyrs, partly as a means of festal decoration, lighted candles or lamps became not uncommon. And the facts that the Eucharist was celebrated at very early hours, and that during the ages of persecution it had often been necessary to hold Christian worship by night or in dark sanctuaries, made it easy in later times to introduce the ritual use of lighted tapers. "The necessary lights of this period," says Mr. Scudamore, "became the ceremonial lights of the next." Of course the service of *Tenebræ* is an exceptional usage. But the Paschal candle seems to have been authorized early in the fifth century. And baptismal lights, a most significant symbol of "illumination," were certainly in use in the preceding century as well as the gospel lights in the Liturgy. At funerals, too, lights, both stationary and processional, were used certainly in the time of Constantine. St. Gregory of Nyssa, A.D. 380, describes the funeral of his sister, St. Macrina, at which "no small number of deacons and subdeacons preceded the corpse, on either side, escorting it from the house in orderly procession, all holding wax candles." From this it was a natural consequence that lights should be kept burning at sepulchres or shrines. It was probably a sensible and useful thing to discourage the excessive use of lights in divine service at the English Reformation. But it can scarcely be supposed that those who ordered two lights only to be retained on the altar, for a symbolical reason, ever imagined that it would be understood that these candles were to be unlighted. We give this brief account of Mr. Scudamore's paper merely as a specimen taken at random of the subjects treated of in this Dictionary. We only notice one or two omissions in his essay. He has not observed that suspended lamps are represented as ornaments of the sanctuary in the mosaics, for example, of many of the churches of Thessalonica, as figured in Messrs. Texier and Pullan's book. Nor does he refer to the Jewish seven-branched candlestick, which was so likely to have a counterpart in early Christian worship. The Seven Lamps, also, of the Apocalypse cannot but have suggested a precedent for the ceremonial use of lights in the Christian Church.

We turn, for another sample of the work, to Mr. Hotham's article on "Litany." It is very thoroughly done, and is a great contrast to the stereotyped meagre information which is commonly given in books of reference on these subjects. He speaks at length of the long intercessory prayers, in the form of a litany, which are found in the introductory or *proanaphoral* parts of the Greek liturgies. But he fails, we think, to observe the full importance of this fact. These liturgies go back in substance to the earliest Christian period. It may be concluded, then, that a Litany, as such, is an expression of united Christian prayer, the peculiar type of which has come down from the very first. It has always seemed to us that the Greek liturgical litanies are like a background to the whole office. The English Litany—a most noble specimen of its kind—was probably meant to be used as an introduction to the Communion office. And this was perhaps a kind of reminiscence of the Greek usage. Mr. Hotham strangely gives a separate article on the word *Litæ*. Surely *Λιτή* and *Λιτανεία* were only synonyms, as indeed Codinus, who held the office of *Caropalaite* in the court of the last Emperors of Constantinople, and who may therefore be presumed to have known, expressly declares.

The musical articles are contributed partly by Mr. Hullah and partly by the Rev. J. R. Lunn, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The papers by Mr. Lunn are prodigiously learned. He has succeeded in explaining the earliest musical notation, as found in manuscripts, before Guido of Arezzo invented the stave in the eleventh century. A very excellent paper on the Holy Sepulchre is contributed by Mr. Walter Besant, Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who is unusually well qualified for the task. The writer, after giving the history of the controversy, discusses the two questions—whether the present site is that which was fixed upon by the officers of Constantine; and whether that site was certainly, or even probably, the true spot where Our Lord was buried. Most impartially all the arguments on both sides are adduced and discussed and weighed. But no conclusion is arrived at, though the writer's prejudices seem to go in behalf of the received site. The controversy is thus judiciously summed up:—

It will be seen that, while no amount of argument will ever reconcile

those who hold opposite views as to the continuity of tradition from the earliest times, the continuity of history from the time of Eusebius appears fairly demonstrable. On the other hand, if it cannot be disproved by architects that the Dome of the Rock is of the age of Constantine, what way out of the difficulty remains but one, that pointed out by Mr. Ferguson, itself bristling with other difficulties? A careful and exhaustive examination of this building on the spot by a thoroughly competent architectural scholar is greatly to be desired. That indeed seems the chief thing necessary. The next step, if it should not be the first, is the recovery beyond any doubt of the second wall. These two desiderata accomplished, and the rock-levels of the city—already far advanced—completed, the question of the site of the Holy Sepulchre will be narrowed to one or two issues.

It has always seemed to us that the determination of the line of the second wall was the one great thing to be desired and attempted. In conclusion, we may point to an invaluable list of ancient monasteries, 1,481 in number, most useful to an historical student, contributed by Mr. Wensley; and a still more important essay on Money, illustrated by many plates of coins, by Mr. Keary, of the British Museum, assisted by Mr. Babington; the latter of whom adds a supplemental section on Medals.

A more acceptable present for a candidate for Holy Orders, or a more valuable book for any library, than this *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, could not easily be found.

OUR SONS.*

MR. ARTHUR KING has been careful in the first page of his introductory chapter to indicate the class of readers whom he proposes to instruct and assist in the best methods of providing for "the increasing number of curly heads round the table." He gives out his text at the opening of his discourse, and it is no other than the sentence in the Psalms from which English-speaking folk have taken the proverbial "quiver." His readers are therefore to be sought in the class—and it is beyond question an extensive one—which considers the quotation appropriate, and its doctrine "necessary for these times." It has never occurred to these worthy people to examine critically into the patriarchal view of the value of blood relations, and to trace its survivals in an Irish faction-fight, or in the "compurgators" to whom the British juryman owes his being; nor have they even given themselves the trouble to remember that the name of King Solomon, with which the sentiment or its authorship is associated, suggests the existence of a domestic institution in direct relation to it as means to an end. Nothing can possibly be further from the wish of the respectable householders to whom Mr. King addresses himself than that their sons should "speak with their enemies in the gate." The nearest modern approach to the practice is to be found in systems of conscription and compulsory military service, and these the British householder utterly abhors.

As matter of experience, however, the father of the "curly heads" which in due time will adorn the shoulders of "three or four healthy lads of from 12 to 17 years of age eating him out of house and home" is anything, in the author's judgment, but happy; and the object of this work is to administer the consolation needed in his unhappiness, and "to assist parents, guardians, and all interested in the well-being of their sons in the choice of such an education" as may diminish the now unfortunately existing number of "logs upon the water." We remember in some work which was intended to instruct and more or less to amuse the infancy of a former generation—it may have been *Evenings at Home*—how the Mr. Barlow of the occasion called his young friends round him and proposed to found a colony. Volunteers at once came forward to fill the posts of baker, carpenter, and so on in the infant settlement; but one "young friend" of higher aims simply announced his intention of being "a gentleman." Our memory is a blank upon the improving moral lecture which Mr. Barlow proceeded to deliver; but Mr. King is far more tolerant of human weakness, whether filial or paternal. "In the colonies a man must be prepared to face harder work in a much worse climate. The work is so rough, that the most fortunate men are to be found in the artisan and labouring classes." "Our Sons" must be "started in life" as gentlemen; with dress-coats, lawn-tennis shoes, and every other requisite for subduing, not exactly the earth, but the world, which is a much more important consideration. This is the aspiration of the moneyed or the comfortable middle classes, and, to a certain extent, of all educated people. No one likes to face the prospect of his children's descent to a lower social level than his own; and no one, accordingly, in the educated or middle class is prepared to see his son earning his bread by direct manual labour—least of all if he has himself risen from the ranks of such labour. It is a convenient platitude of politics that the fabric of the State holds together more firmly when its threads are closely interwoven than when they are arranged one above another in layers, and the maxim is cordially accepted by the fortunate occupants of the surface. Its force is not quite so clear in the case of the threads which pass downward out of sight, and the class distinction which separates the employer from the labourer is more strongly marked in days of great undertakings and abundant capital than it was when, both in agriculture and trade, masters and men were on a nearer social level and often sat at the same table. The condition present to the mind of the author of *Our Sons*, that they must at all events be started in life as gentlemen, is evidenced by a curious, though intelligible, reticence on subjects almost or altogether forbidden by the conventional canons of his

* *Our Sons: How to Start them in Life.* By Arthur King. London: Warne & Co. 1880.

readers. Among possible callings open to a lad in our time, the merchant service, or, as it is now called, the "mercantile marine," could not be altogether omitted. But it is not fashionable; there is no broad line of distinction at any point between the dignity of the "P. and O." at one end and the dinginess of a Newcastle collier at the other; and the "mercantile marine" is accordingly dismissed with twenty lines of notice at the end of the volume. A more transparent omission is found in the absence of any notice whatever of the openings in life presented by retail trade. Mr. King knows his readers far too well to suggest the possibility of any "openings" in life which may lead through a hinged flap behind the counter. At the same time, an underlying, though suppressed, premiss may be detected throughout the whole book. It is assumed that the parents for whom the author writes have money to spend on their sons' education; and, further, that the range of their own experience as to the best way of spending it, or of their opportunities for obtaining private information on the subject, is not extensive. Schoolmasters will be at no loss to account for the facts of social life which are thus taken for granted; and these probably fall more directly under the observation of the masters of preparatory schools, whose relations with the parents of their pupils are more confidential than those of public head-masters. As a boy grows older he is thrown more on his own resources; the little boy just leaving home is an object of greater solicitude, especially on the part of his mother, who in many instances carries on all the correspondence by letter with the head of the school establishment. The father, after a first interview, "wires" at intervals, or encloses a cheque with a headed "memorandum." But the first interview has explained everything. With the rapid extension of trade a great deal of money has been made by men who frankly own that they never had the chance themselves of an education such as they wish to give their sons; and as their families grow up it is often observed that the younger boys come to school with a distinctly increased measure of refinement as compared with the elder lads at the same age. The experience of parents in this class is necessarily much confined to the work in which they have been themselves engaged, and neither they nor their friends have had great opportunity of becoming acquainted with the details of, or the requisite preparation for, the professional life for which most of their sons are designed. Of public schools and universities they know scarcely anything, while professional men and others who have received what used to be described as a liberal education know, or have the means of ascertaining, almost everything which Mr. King can tell them, and are only at a loss in the matter which he appears to regard as a "postulate"—the possession of the requisite balance with their bankers.

Our Sons is a book which fairly provides, as it professes to do, "a manual of useful information" as to the cost and character of the education afforded by the various public schools and by the Universities, and also as to the cost and method of special preparation for professional life. The advice which the author offers is made to rest, to a certain extent, upon a principle which, without disputing its soundness, we may characterize as somewhat cynical, and which certainly will not commend itself to the acceptance of many a proud and admiring mother. This is, that hardly any boy "has any special aptitude for any particular profession or branch of business more than another"; and, as an illustration of the common blundering of domestic opinion upon this head, he makes much sport of his own too partial family, which had set him down as a born artist in his early infancy, whereas, in his maturer life, "when a four-year-old child of my acquaintance asked me to draw the conventional cat upon her slate, I was obliged with shame to confess my inability." This reasoning, however, appears to be open to the objection of *non sequitur*, if, as we believe, by "the conventional cat" is meant the ground-plan of a traditional visit of one Thomas to his friend Christopher. Mr. Arthur King probably only "confesses his inability" to remember the succession of incidents in that simple but instructive romance. A wide margin for exceptions must, we think, be allowed to the advice, "Let every father, as soon as his eldest son has reached the age of 12, set himself seriously to consider what is to be the boy's future career." Neither bodily nor mental development has sufficiently advanced in the generality of boys at twelve years old to allow of any fixed decision as the consequence of this consideration.

There is much worldly wisdom in the following counsel, which is, indeed, offered only as an alternative. "Two distinct ways of living" are open to a father's desire for his son; the one, "to work hard and make money, with a considerable chance of failure"; the other, to be content with a moderate income, little or no risk, and spare time for culture. To those who prefer the former prospect the following advice is given:—

If a father is bent upon seeing his sons rich men, let him start them early in life in a money-making business, with the largest capital he can place at their disposal, and let him be careful that the education they have had be one that has taught them little more than the actual knowledge they will require in their business transactions; as complete a knowledge of modern languages as possible, and as thorough an acquaintance with figures as can be gained, putting out of sight any considerable learning in the way of classics or mathematics; and, above all, let the business he chooses be the one in which he can command the most influential interest and largest connexion, for without these most important elements in success the fight will be a very uphill one indeed. . . . In the professions connexion is the only advertisement that can be correctly made use of, and the greatest genius may, without friends to make him known, languish unknown for years at the bar, in the church, or as an obscure parish doctor.

The converse to the latter portion of these generalizations from the author's "experience over a wide range of professions" was

concisely stated as regards one path of life by Cowper in the last century:—"The parson knows enough who knows a duke." A careful following of Mr. King's advice cannot fail, during periods when the tide of trade is at its flood, to result in a conspicuous increase in the numbers and the force of the British Philistine, who, when trade is bad, or when he has retired on his fortune or on his misfortune, and generally in the later years of his life, having no resources except those which may be set down in "figures," no tastes save those to which his cook or his butler can minister, scarcely a book in his library and no ideas in his head, is apt to become an extremely disagreeable person in his family circle, and a nuisance as far as his power extends to all the neighbourhood beyond it.

The details of information which Mr. King has collected are well arranged and generally accurate, although in some cases they appear not to have been corrected to the latest date. The old tradition of Oxford which made the private tutor an essential element in the life of the reading man is now almost, if not entirely, of the past. The College tutors and lecturers work so hard themselves and make their men work so hard for them, that the occupation of the private tutor is gone. Grey-whiskered patriarchs come up from the country with the pleasures of memory shedding a radiance round the pleasures of hope as they reach the Oxford station in the mellow afternoon; but they return lamenting. They dined in Hall—there was nothing but toast-and-water on the table; they went to the Common Room, and it broke up after a single bottle of claret. It was never so in their time; and even now they will hardly believe their ears when they are told of College lectures, to say nothing of undergraduates coming in with their papers, at eight and nine o'clock. Certainly among the various openings by which "our sons" may now be "started in life," the good old comfortable career can no longer be reckoned where the lad of sixteen came up from a country grammar school on a close scholarship, took a pass in due time, or, if he was very studiously inclined, a third class, and then settled down on a fellowship and port wine till the revolving wheels of time and patronage brought him after middle age to a country rectory and a wife.

Mr. King has wisely remembered to point out a truth which is not the less important because it may seem to be a truism, that "home cannot be made too pleasant to a boy," and that "nothing can be more painful" to him in the present or more injurious to his future than that "he should have ever present to his mind a dull and gloomy house of correction, from which return to school is an escape to be looked forward to with joy." This is a principle which extends far beyond the school days; and, where and so long as it is possible, the home should be made to fulfil the conditions of a military base in relation to the campaign of life.

WENDISH FOLK-LORE.*

THE Wends of Upper and Lower Lusatia are but a small people, whose Slavonic nationality is fast being absorbed in the great German wave which surrounds them on every side. In spite of the efforts made by enthusiastic patriots to publish books and newspapers in Wendish at Bautzen and elsewhere, the language is dying out, and will, before very long, be remembered only by philologists. But the memory of these Lusatian Wends will long be kept alive among comparative mythologists and students of folk-lore by the rich stores of popular fiction which have been gathered from Wendish lips, some years ago by MM. Haupt and Schmalzer, and now by M. Veckenstedt. In his *Wendische Sagen* he has brought together, and arranged in the most methodical manner, a very great amount of information concerning the legends and superstitions of the Wends, chiefly of Lower Lusatia. And he has been so fortunate as to find among those isolated Slavs, the most Western branch of the Slavonic family, evidence as to ancient beliefs in mythological beings whose names are unfamiliar to the other sections of their race.

These beings all belong to the demon class, and the belief in them dates back to those heathen times in which the Wends were a numerous and powerful people, occupying a wide extent of territory, and inspiring with no slight awe their Teutonic neighbours. Corresponding forms to theirs are still found in all Slavonic lands; but the names of some of the Wendish bugbears appear to be peculiar to their Lusatian home. Of such a nature is the Fika, a tobacco-smoking fiend. Tradition relates that she was originally a woman who was greatly addicted to smoking, and who met with her death by drowning in a lake. A peasant, whose horse was grazing near that lake, imprudently called out, "Fika, won't you smoke a pipe?" No reply was made; but when he mounted what he thought was his horse, it grew and grew until it became a huge monster which carried him off. In this instance, at least, the Fika seems to be akin to the Irish Phooka. The Gibane, who pays visits to cottages in which cakes are being baked, is another female demon peculiar to the Wends; and so is the Wurlarwa, who torments women whom she finds spinning after ten o'clock at night. In most lands traces are found of an old belief that certain demons object to work being carried on at noontide; but in those which are inhabited by Slavs such a belief is exceptionally vigorous. Thus among the Wends a mysterious female

* *Wendische Sagen, Märchen, und Abergläubische Gebräuche*. Gesam-melt und nacherzählt von Edm. Veckenstedt. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky. 1860.

being, called the Psepolnica, is supposed to watch over the cornfields at midday to punish the reapers who continue working after twelve o'clock has arrived, and to shear off, with a golden sickle, the heads of thieves who take advantage of the absence of the harvesters. She is clothed in a long white dress, and she carries a bag, into which she drops the heads of offenders, among whom are reckoned children who tread down the corn. At one o'clock she always disappears from sight. On one occasion a mason, to whom she paid a visit at midday and propounded conundrums, nailed her finger to the wall of the house which he was repairing, and fled. When the people of the house resumed their work in the afternoon, they found to their surprise a finger attached to the wall by a nail. In some localities the Psepolnica is supposed to render the cornfields dangerous from two to three in the afternoon, during which time, also, her sister, the Dziawica, haunts the dark fir woods, followed by splendid deerhounds. Closely akin to these sisters are the Serpolnica and Serpysja, who wander about at midday and midnight, always provided with a sickle, but sometimes destitute of a head. In 1813 four French soldiers, who had gone out foraging from Drebkau, discovered a hidden treasure, and were just about to carry it off, when a female form appeared before them clad in white, and threatening them with a sickle. Whereupon they took to flight. Under the names of Anna Subata and Maria na Penku, other female beings of an equally unpleasant nature are familiar to the Wendish mind, which believes also in the existence of similar male demons known as the Serp, the Serpel, and the Posserpafic.

Under the name of the Bludnik, a luminous demon corresponding to our own Will-o'-the-Wisp is supposed by the Wends to delight in leading belated travellers away from the right path and into thickets and swamps. In the time of the Seven Years' War several Bludniks haunted a hollow willow tree, from which their light used to stream forth at night. Two boys determined to burn them out of their home. They were told that the Bludniks were the souls of dead children, and ought not to be disturbed; but, in spite of the warning, they set fire to the tree, and then ran away. But before they reached their home, an unseen hand knocked them into a neighbouring pond. The old people who heard what they had done predicted that they would die soon. And before the year was out the two boys were in their graves. Closely akin to our own nightmare is the Wendish Murawa, a being which, like the Russian Mara, grievously plagues sleepers. Sometimes it takes the form of a frog or of a snake, and it is often a shape into which a malicious witch has transformed herself. Thus a girl who could change herself into a Murawa took it into her head one day to torment a shepherd whom she saw afield. "Her body immediately fell lifeless to the ground; out of her mouth sprang a mouse which ran to the shepherd and threw him down." He lay prostrate and groaning, while the mouse ran to and fro over his body. When it had plagued him enough, "the mouse ran to the girl's body, and slipped back into her mouth. The girl immediately became alive, stood up, and went on working as before." Sometimes the Murawa takes the form of a moth, and creeps down the throat of any sleeper whom she finds with his mouth open. The best means of keeping her at a distance is to nail up the oldest article of clothing of which the inhabitant of the bedroom is possessed.

A still more terrible female visitant than the Murawa is the Plague, of whose ominous wanderings and fatal visits the Wends have many tales to tell. As in the stories of other lands, she is generally described as a tall, gaunt woman, who sits by the wayside and tries to induce passers-by to convey her to their homes. If they consent, they find too late that they have introduced pestilence into their households. But one of the accounts differs from the rest, being really a vampire story combined with a pestilence tradition. A daughter, as black as ebony, was born to a Queen who had declared one day, while sitting on a black stone, that she would be happy if she could have a child, whatsoever its nature might be. The black Princess died when she was twelve years old, and her coffin was placed with the lid open in a church before the altar, and a soldier was sent to guard it at night. In the morning he was not to be found. Night after night the same disappearance of the sentry took place. At last the soldier on duty bethought himself of creeping under the coffin. When the clock struck twelve, the dead Princess sat up in her coffin, looked round for some one to devour, and exclaimed, "Has my father sent me no victim to-night?" After a time she guessed where the soldier was, and cried, "What is behind me I do not seize. Knowest thou who I am? I am the Plague." Then she disappeared, uttering curses against mankind. Of vampires, properly so called, not many stories are told. But there is one which is very precise in its details. In the neighbourhood of Kiekebusch a peasant was found dead, evidently murdered, and was buried. After a time it was rumoured that the dead man was in the habit of visiting houses at night and sucking the blood of any one on whom he could lay hands. So the villagers dug up his body, and drove a consecrated nail into his head, and a stake into his heart. But even then he would not keep quiet. So they dug him up again, and this time consumed his body with fire, scattering his ashes to the four winds. After which the villagers were able to sleep in peace. About ordinary dead people a few stories of the usual kind are told. One of them contains a sound moral strongly inculcating filial respect. A certain peasant was a bad son, constantly behaving ill to his aged father. At length the old man died. Towards midnight the son went to bed. Before he had time to go to sleep he received a tremendous box on the ear. From

that time forward, as each year brought round the anniversary of his father's death, at the midnight hour "his father's ghost appeared and hit him a blow on the head." It appears also that the ghosts of hanged persons repay by boxes on the ear the trouble which people may have taken to cut down their bodies. In Schorbus church, those of the dead whose shrouds are ample sit comfortably in their pews during the ghostly service on Christmas Eve. But those whose relations have supplied them but scantily with graveclothes are obliged to lean their backs against the wall, in order that their partial nakedness may not be seen. There once lived in Missen a pious maiden. Three nights running there came to her bedside a figure which uttered no sound, but sadly gazed at her, and then beckoned to her to follow. On the third night she rose and followed it. It led her into a church, before the altar of which stood a coffin fastened with a golden padlock. The figure gave her a golden key, and intimated by signs that she was to open the coffin. She did so, and the coffin lid flew open, revealing a body lying within. Then all disappeared, and the girl found herself alone, holding in her hand the golden padlock and key, which she afterwards was in the habit of exhibiting to her friends.

On the history and ethnography of the Wends not much light is thrown by their traditions, but here and there references to old times occur which are curious. According to one legend, "the King of the Wends came with his people from the borders of Asia, and after long wanderings settled down with them in Lusatia." Another tells us how "the Wends came from Asia, led by a king. In crossing a great mountain range on their way, two-thirds of their number were destroyed by the hostile mountaineers." The men wrapped themselves in huge furs and rolled down the slopes. The women were let down by ropes. After this fashion they reached Silesia, whence they were driven out by the Germans. In Lusatia their kings long reigned, but when the Hohenzollern family came into the land, and built a fortress at Berlin, the power of the Wends dwindled, and at length came to an end. There will be, however, a final conflict, during which the dead Wends now sleeping within the Plonitzka and Raditzka mountains will come forth and drive the Germans across the Rhine. Around the shadowy form of the King of the Wends a number of myths have clustered, some of them associating him with the "Night-hunter," the Wild Huntsman known to so many races of men, sometimes with the Arthur or Barbarossa who sleeps amidst his slumbering warriors within some mountain cavern. It seems that "the time is not far off when a world-wide conflict will commence. When war has begun, and the nations are struggling with each other, the King of the Wends will return, and will conquer the Germans, and afterwards will found a realm which will comprise all the nations of the whole earth."

According to some traditions, the Wends are descended from the Ludii, who were small men, not longer than a finger, and who seem to be in many points akin to our own fairies. If other stories can be trusted, the Wends must also have been singularly like our own men of Gotham. But such tales as these are probably of German origin. Of Wendish folk-tales Dr. Veckenstedt gives thirty good specimens, very useful for the purpose of comparison. They are almost all variants of well-known popular fictions; but there is one ghost story which is so originally irrational that it is worthy of being cited. Two boys, whose mother was dead, were awakened from their slumber one night by a white female figure, which came up to their bedside and then disappeared. Next night she came again. "Why dost thou disturb my sleep every night?" asked the elder boy. "Thy words will bring thee harm," she replied. Next morning the boy was found dead in his bed. On the following night the figure reappeared, clothed in black. "Dear lady, tell me what is thy desire," said the surviving boy. Whereupon the apparition gave him a black glove, and told him to take it next morning to the garden, and walk about with it till it turned white—then to halt and dig. He followed her instructions and dug up a copper pot. "Inside it was a skull, which was quite full of gold."

BUCKNILL ON LUNACY LAW.*

THERE is no greater authority on lunacy than Dr. Bucknill. He has all the right to speak about it which can be conferred by general medical eminence and special acquaintance with brain disease. In the *Care of the Insane and their Legal Control* we have his mature and deliberate opinion on the existing system of dealing with lunatics, and this opinion is in almost every respect adverse. The existing system is in the main a system of asylums, public or private, and, as regards a large number of patients, Dr. Bucknill altogether objects to asylums. The most original feature of his book is the change of form which the ordinary indictment against the keepers of private asylums undergoes in it. It cannot, Dr. Bucknill says, "be too much insisted upon that the allegation against the proprietors of private asylums is not that of *mala fides* in taking, detaining, and confining persons of unsound mind as lunatics; but that they detain persons of unsound mind whose confinement within their walls is unnecessary and unlawful." The only ground for the detention of a lunatic in an asylum which is known to the common law is that he is dangerous to himself or to others. It is not enough that he is subject to delusions, or apt to spend his money foolishly, or spiteful and watchful of opportunities for inflicting petty annoyances on those with whom he lives. These inconvenient or unpleasant qualities

* *The Care of the Insane and their Legal Control*. By John Charles Bucknill, M.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan, 1880.

do not make him a dangerous lunatic, and by the common law it is only a dangerous lunatic—that is, a lunatic of suicidal or homicidal tendencies—that may be “restrained of his liberty by another.” In Dr. Bucknill’s judgment it must have been well if the statute law had never departed from these lines. A dangerous lunatic—the maniac or madman of the last century—was a being about whose condition there could be no mistake. When the madhouse passed into the “licensed house for the reception of insane patients,” this safeguard disappeared, and free room was given to all those ingenious speculations of mad doctors which promise to end, if they have not indeed ended already, in the discovery that all of us—these doctors excepted—are mad upon some point or other, and owe our continued, though precarious, liberty either to chance or to the weak kindness of some relative as mad as ourselves. Indeed, considering the extraordinary facilities which the statute law gives for the capture of certified lunatics, it is wonderful that the asylums are not more numerous and more crowded than they are. The only assured protection is destitution. A pauper lunatic is pretty sure neither to be placed in confinement nor kept in it without good cause. The fact that he has to be maintained out of the rates ensures that those with whom the decision lies will not be too easy in admitting proofs of lunacy. Dr. Bucknill insists with great justice upon the absurdity of a distinction which makes it comparatively easy to lock up a rich lunatic and difficult to lock up a destitute lunatic. There may be a dozen people interested in placing a man with property in a position in which he will be alike unable to manage his own affairs and to check their administration of them. There is no one interested in placing a man who has no affairs to administer, or to have administered, in a position where he must be lodged, fed, and tended at the public cost. Yet the lunacy laws surround the latter process with safeguards which are altogether wanting in the former process. A destitute lunatic cannot “be confined in a public institution, under the charge of public officials, and maintained there out of public funds, except upon the intervention of an officer who administers these funds, and the order of a magistrate.” A lunatic with money may be locked up in a private place of confinement upon the order of any person—an alien, an infant, or a man of straw—with whom the owner of the place chooses to make a pecuniary agreement. If the framers of the existing lunacy laws had wished to create abuses, instead of guarding against them, they need only have gone to work in the way they have done. The motives for sending patients to asylums need not rise to the level of heroic wickedness. There are many persons who are sent there, not because their relations wish to rob them, but simply because their relations find the care of them inconvenient. The fact that the comfort of the sane is destroyed by the presence of an insane person among them may be a proper reason for subjecting even a harmless lunatic to some kind of restraint; it may even be a reason for sending a harmless lunatic to an asylum. But neither course ought to be adopted without full consideration of the circumstances by some disinterested official, or without proper regard for the comfort and general welfare of the person so dealt with. As the law stands, neither of these conditions is complied with. The medical certificate is everything, and the medical certificate may very easily certify to nothing at all. It must be signed by two medical men, but these medical men may be any physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries in actual practice; they are expressly released from the check of a consultation; and they are only required to certify that the person it is proposed to consign to a lunatic asylum is of unsound mind. When the certificate has been given and the order founded upon it signed, the statute confers upon the owner or superintendent of any licensed asylum a power to which there is no parallel in English law. For seven days afterwards, he or his servants may search for and seize the lunatic, and convey him, under such restraint as may be necessary, to a private prison. There is no one to whom the lunatic, so called in the certificate, can appeal for protection; and the owner of the asylum is entitled to plead the order as a justification against any civil action for false imprisonment. This extraordinary provision was enacted in 1845, and has probably done more than anything else to foster the abuses which now so urgently call for redress.

Dr. Bucknill proposes to amend this system in every particular. In the first place, he would have the examination of the patient made by the two medical men in consultation, so that their opinions might check one another. In the second place, he would provide that the certificate should specify the nature of the mental complaint, at all events so far as to say whether it is lunacy, idiocy, or unsoundness of mind; in other words, whether it is due to disease, defect, or decay. In the next place, the medical men should be made to indicate the kind of treatment they hold the case to require, distinguishing at the least “between care and treatment in domestic life and care and treatment in an asylum.” At present “a medical man who has given a well-intentioned certificate, under the belief that it would be used as a justification for gentle control under the former, is liable to find it utilized for imprisonment in an institution.” Further, Dr. Bucknill would have the medical men state the reasons which induce them to recommend one or the other course, and name the persons to whose care they would advise that the patient should be committed. It is plainly a very much easier matter to enumerate certain facts which point to the conclusion that a patient is of unsound mind than to show how the facts stated bear out the conclusion that the patient is a lunatic, not merely a person of weak or decayed intellect, and requires to be treated in an asylum rather than simply placed under domestic supervision. Still even these precautions will not

be adequate unless the power of ordering the confinement of a lunatic be taken away from private persons and be entrusted, as every other similar power is entrusted, to a public official. Dr. Bucknill would have no lunatic sent to an asylum except by a magistrate’s order; the medical certificate being the evidence upon which the magistrate would act and as to the veracity and sufficiency of which he would form his own opinion. The argument urged against this provision will of course be the one which is the main foundation of the private asylum system. It is alleged that, in the interest of the patient and of his family, secrecy is of paramount importance, and that a magistrate’s intervention will be destructive of secrecy. It may be doubted whether, from the point of view of public policy, the advantages of secrecy have not been exaggerated; but, allowing them to be as great as they are assumed to be, they ought not to be purchased at the cost of grievous wrong-doing. Any system which puts the power of imprisonment into private hands makes such wrong-doing possible. No doubt both the lunatic himself—supposing him to recover—and the lunatic’s family in any case, may be justly anxious to conceal his misfortune from the world. But then the machinery employed for this purpose must not be such as can be perverted without difficulty to the unjust arrest and imprisonment of men whom no public authority would dream of ordering into confinement. The nearest relations are not invariably the right persons to decide whether a man shall be placed under slight supervision or sent to an asylum. If they are not the right persons they are probably the very opposite of the right persons. If they are not restrained by kindness or affection from consigning their relative to a prison, they are likely to be prompted by personal interest to send him there.

The reforms which have been enumerated are only suggested by Dr. Bucknill as palliatives. If the system of private asylums is maintained, it ought to be maintained under safeguards which would considerably lessen the number of persons now under treatment in them, and make future admissions very much more difficult. Dr. Bucknill, however, would go much further than this. He would begin by reducing the existing authorities on lunacy to two—the Court of Chancery, in whom should vest the custody of all lunatics possessed of any property or maintained by their relatives, and the Local Government Board, in whom should vest the custody of destitute lunatics. The Chancery lunatics should be placed partly under domestic supervision, partly in asylums provided by, though not at the cost of, the State, and partly in such private asylums as could succeed in inducing patients to come to them of their own accord. In this way no one would be imprisoned beyond the power of escape, except in public institutions. The supervision now exercised over Chancery lunatics under domestic supervision would be sufficient, Dr. Bucknill thinks, to secure the proper treatment of such lunatics as are neither dangerous nor in need of the restraints which can only be provided in asylums. Those who preferred a gregarious life might find it in asylums intended for the reception of voluntary patients. Those whom it is necessary to place in confinement would be given the full protection of the State, in the shape not merely of supervision exercised over the interested persons placing or detaining them in confinement, but of absolutely disinterested officials. This would have the further advantage of removing the obstacles which are now occasionally met with in confining persons about whose madness there is no doubt whatever. Respectable doctors like to err, if they must err, on the safe side, and they will not always give on their own sole responsibility the certificate which they would willingly give if it was only to form material on which a magistrate might base his decision. It is amazing that the lunacy laws should have been suffered to go unamended so long. When the new Government redeems the pledge of its predecessor and takes this crying abuse in hand, it is to be hoped that no one will be found opposing a radical reform of the existing system who has not studied and found an answer to Dr. Bucknill’s trenchant attack on it.

OLIVER CONSTABLE, MILLER AND BAKER.*

IT is difficult to fix on the class for whose service or amusement this story has been written. It is intensely didactic in tone; every scene has evidently a purpose beyond the ordinary aim of the novel; but for whose use so much teaching is designed is a matter as to which the reader remains in ignorance to the end. It seems alike unsuited for those who know something of the world to which it introduces us, and for those who do not—for those who would be social reformers, and for those whom they would reform. Great questions are discussed, knotty social difficulties are handled, confidently enough, but something in the writer’s tone and method leaves this preliminary difficulty unsolved. If the book is designed for the class which the hero sets himself to benefit, we can only say that the picture drawn of their present low level of thought and manners is too insulting to serve any good end. If it is intended for the class above them, the lesson is scarcely clear and definite enough to settle any of the difficulties inherent in class distinctions. The most probable readers, we incline to think, are not those who will care for the author’s lessons, but those who may find amusement in being told, with so much detail, how the sons and daughters of shopkeepers conduct themselves in the home circle, and with how little attention to the conveniences they carry on their flirtations.

* *Oliver Constable, Miller and Baker.* By Sarah Tytler. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

For the task of reporting feelings and opinions in a dialect alien to the habits of the reporter a very particular sympathy is required. It is necessary to put the mind in close relation with the person to be represented; and at the same time to translate the language one would naturally use into an unfamiliar form, such as is supposed to be the vehicle of expression of the mind delineated. Miss Tytler has plunged into this difficulty with so little sense of the task before her that she would seem to assume that all vulgarity, young and old, male and female, has but one vocabulary, and that one form of slang meets the requirements of every untrained mind. We should not make a point of this, however, if the author's shopkeepers were merely individual examples; but she takes pains to impress upon the reader that they are typical. Her hero "is compelled to suspect that" her "Dadds and Polleys presented an average specimen of their class." No sensible shopkeeper will object to be called an *épiciér*, or to share with the mass of his countrymen the charge of Philistinism. In either language the reproach implies an ultra-respectability; but when we come to the wives and daughters of grocers in *Oliver Constable*, it is altogether another matter. Let us listen to Mrs. Polley, presiding at her table in the back-shop, and addressing her husband, who has ventured to compliment her cookery:—"You shut up, Polley, and eat your victuals. For you know you have a trick of keeping the table waiting. I am glad none of the gals take after you. Slow at meat is slow at work. You may be thankful I never were a dawdler, and that I went in—the greater fool I—for looking after you." Or take Milly Polley, the heroine of the shopkeepers' annual picnic, who represents the girl of the period in that class; this young lady announces that Jack Dadd has got his father to fork out two bottles of sherry and two of champagne, a wine she adores—"the real, not the gooseberry thing." "I should like to swig it like beer—that's me. But shan't we have a guzzle." And when Oliver, the reformer, whom she pronounces a handsome gorilla of a dufler, proposes to mix claret-cup, she replies, "Thank you for nothing. Nasty flat trash! I'm for as much champagne as I can get for my share, without mother's interfering. There!" Milly, we are told, called a spade a spade. Oliver, in his line, lightens his heavy part by recourse to conventional modes of expression. Himself and his friends are "beggars" and "duflers," epithets which ill suit a vein of solemn moralizing.

Such being the present mental and moral condition of the shop-keeping class, the author suggests a means of rescue from this slough of lowness; one of its own members is to leap into its very midst, and so to save it. Oliver Constable is the son of a miller and baker. He is sent to Friarton Grammar School, where his progress and his turn for scholarship win the favour of "the learned masters and parsons," who persuade his father to send him to Oxford. There he at once gains a scholarship, and finally a first class, to the great delight of his sister Fan, who is ambitious, and would gladly escape from the associations of Friarton and the society of her class. Her education has been as much above her position as her brother's, as she has been sent to excellent schools, both in England and abroad. The good old father dies, and Oliver's course is free; when, to poor Fan's astonishment and disgust, he announces his unalterable determination to carry on his father's business of miller and baker, with all the conditions of shop and shop-window full of tarts and confectionery. Class with Oliver is as rigorous a master as caste. He resolves to devote himself to trade, to making the honestest bread that can be made, and to reforming the principles and manners of the Dadds, the Polleys, and their fellows. Bent on this mission, and entirely unsympathetic—as is also the author—towards poor Fan, he enters upon the conduct of a business which we had supposed to need an apprenticeship; and, in a quarrel with a contumacious journeyman baker who objects to his rules, kneads with his own hands a batch of bread. Fiercely rejecting all the practices of the trade, he not only quarrels with his men but loses his customers, who do not like the colour of his honest loaves. The author has apparently got up the baking business with some care; at least she spends a great many pages upon it, though we are not told how Oliver's special batch turned out; and no minuteness of detail enables the reader to reconcile the training of the master baker with his craft. The author could not have carried out the plan of her story if she had been better informed on any of the questions involved in it. Everything is viewed from a lofty distance apart from experience—the position which of all others sustains the observer in a serene conviction of being in the right. Whether it be the relations of Church and Dissent in the classes she depicts, social intercourse, trade customs, domestic habits, æsthetic tastes, Parliamentary conscience, or the art of electioneering, every thing and person is discussed in that vein of censure tempered by patronage which belongs to a superficial acquaintance, to an outside survey with no real contact. The subject which seems to lie at the bottom of all these great controversies is that especially feminine question, class distinctions. No doubt circles, grades, sets, and so on, are matters left very much to the ordering and regulation of women. Who has a right to visit whom, who is impertinently ambitious in the endeavour to intrude into a higher social sphere, the respective claims of birth, rank, fortune, and personal merit—these nice points exercise the female mind, and, on the whole, to the general advantage. The drawing-room is the woman's kingdom; but its code of laws cannot be reduced to writing. No ready-made rules can settle the infinite variety of conditions. It is a region of talk and action, a conflict in which merit, chance, interest, and fortune settle things. The author represents all the personages of her story, men as well as women, as engaged in this great question.

When the clerical usher's wife makes her purchases at Mr. Dadd's counter, gracious as she is, she conveys to his mind her intense consciousness of superior social advantages, and manages to impress on him that his "better half was of a different order of creation from that which had the honour of claiming Mr. Freemantle as its product." And her husband, in the great matter of Oliver's downward step, both indulges and excites the same order of feelings. "He might be as poor as a church mouse," reflects Mr. Dadd, "but he could read the lessons in his white surplice the same as the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dadd went in for chapel, not church; but even his minister owned that Freemantle was a cut above him in this world." And Oliver, who had been seen with his arm linked in that of Mr. Freemantle, renounced this inestimable social distinction in taking up his father's calling. Every other consideration gives way to this mode of arriving at the essential fitness of things. While Oliver was under the glamour of his Oxford life and associating with gentlemen, we are to assume that, as far as action went, he was a Churchman; but in taking up his father's trade and humble social status, he goes to chapel with his fellow retail traders, and patronizes the minister. His sister Fan, on the contrary, mindful of their mother having been a curate's daughter, clings firmly to the gentility of the Establishment.

As the hero, in his devotion to his class, throws over his Greek and Latin to sell bread and confectionery, so there is a foil to this sacrifice in the wilful descent of a scion of the aristocracy to the rank of yeoman. Instead of going to Australia, Harry Stanhope and his brother take a farm in the neighbourhood of Oliver's mill, and decide to throw over all the prejudices of their birth and training. Fan can sympathize with a yeoman who is grandson of an earl; and finally, to Oliver's extreme disgust, she marries Harry. She is an energetic and devoted wife; but the downward course is too headlong for her influence to check it—her husband takes to drinking. She dies worn out with anxieties, and her death converts him. Perhaps it is not out of nature that such a convert should take to preaching, and make his own past life his theme. To do the author justice, she betrays a consciousness of the danger, while attempting to depict a hero, of portraying a prig. She invests Oliver with awkward lounging personal habits, and finally lames him for life from the effects of a personal contact with his journeyman. But a person who enters into society solely with a view to improve it, without a thought of reciprocal advantage, cannot be anything else than a prig. Congenial social intercourse is not only the solace, the relaxation, the enjoyment of man, but it keeps him humble and in his place. He is more conscious of getting good than of imparting it. But if he starts in his social career by regarding society solely in a missionary spirit, solely as a thing to which he can do good, for which he is to make sacrifices of tastes, likings, and habits, upon which he is to practise his hobbies, to which he is to dictate, preach, and lecture—without any thought of being done good to, amused, informed, interested, benefited, or dictated to in his turn—human nature is not equal to the strain upon its inherent pride and self-love. His gait, his voice, his action, the whole outer man, will betray the effects upon the inner man of the *role* he has set himself; and these effects are patent in Oliver Constable. Of course it is open to an author to bring about any results that his theory demands, and the story closes with a general reform and recognition of Oliver's merits; and, whether likely or not, it is pleasanter to see the Dadds and Polleys subdued and contrite than exulting in their excesses, whether of language, manners, or opinions. Some of our readers may remember a novel by the same author, and dealing with the same question of class distinctions, *Noblesse Oblige*. As far as we recall it, the treatment of this question in relation to a higher social rank suited the writer's powers, and no doubt her knowledge and experience, far better than this descent into a lower sphere, where she has been driven to exaggeration and caricature for lack of the nicer touches that real acquaintance and intercourse would suggest.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,302, OCTOBER 9, 1880:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Turkey and the Powers. | |
| France. The State of Ireland. | Electioneering. |
| Diplomacy and Social Science. | Lord Sherbrooke on Obstruction. |
| South Austrian Railways. | Juvenile Criminals. |
| The Decay of Romance. | |
| Gotham-by-London. | An Early Italian Guide-Book. |
| The Royal United Service Institution. | Amateur Dealers and Chapmen. |
| Chepstow Castle. | A New Experiment in Turkish Finance. |
| M. Offenbach and Opéra Bouffe. | Autumn Racing. |
| Hillebrand on Modern German Thought. | |
| Handbook of Indian Arms. | Father Prout. |
| Lizzie of the Mill. | The Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. |
| Wendish Folk-Lore. | Bucknill on Lunacy Law. |
| Oliver Constable, Miller and Baker. | |

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "The BRAZEN SERPENT," each 33 by 22 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY. THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY was formally inaugurated at Garsington, on the 20th ult., the Bishop of ST. ANDREWS presiding. It is formed for the following purposes:

- I.—As a bond of union amongst those who are in sympathy with the general teaching and spirit of WORDSWORTH.
- II.—To promote and extend the study of the Poet's Works; in particular to carry on any literary work which remains to be done in connection with the text and chronology of the Poems, and the local allusions which they contain.
- III.—To collect for preservation, and, if thought desirable, for publication, original letters and unpublished reminiscences of the poet.
- IV.—To prepare a record of opinion, with reference to WORDSWORTH, from 1793 to the present time, and to investigate any points connected with the first appearance of his Works.

An Annual Meeting will be held at a place and date to be fixed by the Committee.

The Secretary of the Society is Professor KNOTT, the University, St. Andrews; and the Treasurer, GEORGE WILSON, Esq., Murrayfield House, Midlothian.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—By special permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, Dr. ZERFFI will deliver THIRTY LECTURES on "THE SCIENCE OF GENERAL HISTORY," in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Saturday Afternoons, at Three o'clock, commencing October 16, 1880. A Prize of Ten Guineas will be awarded at the end of the Course for an Essay. For particulars and Fees apply to Dr. ZERFFI, 3 Warrington Gardens, Maiden Hill, W.; or at the Catalogue Stall, South Kensington Museum.

EDUCATION SOCIETY.—Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., Wednesday, October 13, at 7.30 P.M. PHILIP MAGNUS, Esq., B.A., B.Sc., will read a Paper giving an account of his visit to the Model School of the Ligue de l'Enseignement at Brussels.

Dr. GLADSTONE, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.
Teachers and others interested in the subject are invited to attend.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—LECTURES TO LADIES.

The CLASSES will reopen on Monday, October 11, at 5 Observatory Avenue, Kensington, W. (close to the High Street Station and Vestry Hall). The subjects are: Holy Scripture, Church History, Logic, Political Economy, Ancient and Modern History, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, Harmony, and Drawing.—For Prospects and all information apply to the Secretary, Miss S. HILL, 26 Delisle Park Gardens, N.W. Several of the Courses are adapted to the Examinations for the London Degrees and the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations.

RADLEY COLLEGE.

An Election will be held on December 10 to FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS (Value £50, £40, £30, £20), open to Boys who will be under Fourteen on January 1, 1881. During the Examination, which begins on Wednesday, December 8, at 4.30 P.M., Candidates will be accommodated in the College.

For further particulars apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, St. Peter's College, Radley, Abingdon.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS and ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS will be held on December 7 and 8.

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS. The Examination of Candidates for the KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS will take place in the Chapter Room, on Wednesday, the 17th, and Thursday, the 18th November, 1880, at Nine A.M. when FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS will be appointed to supply the present vacancies.

The School is open to Boys of the annual value of nearly £100 (£50 in money, with exemption from classical fees), and are tenable at the School for Four years, to which a Fifth may be added by the Dean.

Any one under Fifteen who has previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided always that his parents are not in wealthy circumstances. Candidates must send in their names, with certificates of their birth, and statement of circumstances, to Mr. E. PEARSON, Durham, on or before Tuesday, November 3.

Further information may be obtained by applying to the REV. HENRY HOLDEN, D.D., Head-Master.

TOURS, FRANCE.—Rev. C. DOWMAN, LL.B. (Mathematical

Honours), receives PUPILS for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and Line and Militia. At July Examinations Two Candidates for Woolwich passed qualifying Examination on high marks; only Candidate for Sandhurst obtained 4th place, making 4,400 marks. Only Candidate for the August Sandhurst Preliminary passed.—Address, Beau Sejour.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—The Rev. H. J. GRAHAM,

M.A., Oxon., receives PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools. Large house on high ground, Cricket Field adjoining the Sea, and use of Sea-water Swimming Bath and Gymnasium. Terms, for Boys under Twelve, 50 Guineas; above Twelve, 100 Guineas.—Address, the Mount Lodge, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CARSHALTON HOUSE SCHOOL, Surrey.—BOYS carefully

prepared for Civil and Military Examinations.

ARMY, SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, MILITIA COMPETITIVE UNIVERSITIES. Messrs. ASKIN will be happy to forward (gratis) PROSPECTUSES of success to all TUTORS. References kindly allowed to Chaplain-General to the Forces and others.—Address, 94 Sackville Street, W.

DELICATE BOYS (over Fourteen).—An experienced TUTOR,

assisted by a French Gentleman, receives SIX PUPILS who require special attention, but only such as are willing to read and are worthy of trust.—Address, M.A. Oxon., Mill Bank House, near Malvern.

HIGH-CLASS SCHOOL for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN.—Recommended by the Right Rev. Bishop CLAYTON, Archbishop of London, and Chaplain-General of the Forces.—For Prospectus and full particulars, apply to the PRINCIPAL, 34 Hamilton Terrace, London, N.W.

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, NEW CROSS.—A VACANCY

in the HEAD-MASTERSHIP and CHAPLAINCY will occur at Christmas next. Candidates must be Clergymen of the Established Church and Graduates of one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. The salary for the joint duties is £500 per annum, with a capitation grant of three guineas for each boarder over a yearly average of 120; in addition to which a House (free of rates, taxes, and repairs) and coals and gas are provided.

Forms of application, and other information, may be obtained of the Secretary on or before the 6th November next. No canvassing is permitted.

By Order of the Council, ALFRED EAMES, Secretary.

October 6, 1880.

HIGH SCHOOL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.—

A HEAD-MASTER and a SECOND MASTER are required for this School, which has been liberally endowed, and is under the control of the Board of Governors of the Canterbury College. The School is to be divided into a Classical and a Modern side; one Master will be required to teach Classics and English, and the other Mathematics and Science. Both Masters must have graduated in Honours at either Oxford or Cambridge, and had experience and success as Teachers in Public Schools. The Salary of the Head-Master will be £600, that of the Second Master £500 per annum, both without house allowance. Neither Master will be permitted to take Boarders. £150 will be allowed to the Head-Master, and £100 to the Second Master for passage money to the Colony. Both Masters will be expected to arrive in the Colony before March 31, 1881. School buildings have been erected at a cost of £10,000. The following gentlemen have consented to act as a Commission for the selection of the Masters: Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh; Professor Jowett, of Oxford; Arthur Sedgewick, Esq., of Oxford; the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Clifton College. It is open to Candidates to send in applications for either or both Masterships. Intending Candidates can obtain of the undersigned Application Forms and Printed Statement, giving further particulars as to qualifications, conditions, &c. All applications must be made on the forms, and be sent in on or before November 1 next, to WALTER KENAWAY, New Zealand Office, 7 Westminster Chambers, London, S.W.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W., 53 Loftus Road.—To be LET, an excellent HOUSE 7 Tenanted and empty. In thorough repair, with good garden, and pleasantly situated.—Apply to J. BOARDER, Builder, 8 Pleasant Place, Uxbridge Road, W.

EQUITY and LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

18 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1814.

CAPITAL—ONE MILLION, FULLY SUBSCRIBED.

Total Invested Assets, £1,610,000.

Profits divided in 1880 among the Assured, £219,375.

SPECIMENS OF BONUS ADDITIONS.

Effected.	At Age.	Sum Assured.	Bonus Additions.	
		£	£	s.
1817	37	500	459	10
"	43	5,000	5,060	10
1850	55	500	399	10
1851	52	500	369	10
1855	51	1,000	623	10
1854	55	2,000	1,236	0
1864	55	5,000	1,741	0

G. W. BERRIDGE, Actuary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH OFFICE—29 Pall Mall, S.W.

The Accumulated Funds exceed £3,000,000.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Governor.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

FREDERICK JOSEPH EDMANN, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.
John Garratt Cattle, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.
Alexander Bruce, Esq.
Charles Hermann Goschen, Esq.
Charles Ernest Green, Esq.
Charles Seymour Grenfell, Esq.
Baron Heath.
Wilmot Holland, Esq.
Egerton Hubbard, Esq.

William Knowles, Esq.
Neville Lubbock, Esq.
George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.
Charles John Manning, Esq.
Daniel Meinertzhagen, Esq.
William Robert Moberly, Esq.
Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.
Sir John Rose, Bart.
Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.
Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
Montagu C. Wilkinson, Esq.
Charles Baring Young, Esq.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Michaelmas will expire on October 14.

FIRE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

LIFE ASSURANCES with or without participation in Profits.

LOANS are granted on security of LIFE INTERESTS in connexion with Policies of Assurance.

A large participation in Profits, with the guarantee of the Invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

All real improvements in modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of more than a Century and a half.

The Corporation are open to consider applications for Agencies.

A Prospectus, Table of Bonus, and Balance Sheet will be forwarded on application.

Royal Exchange, London. E. R. HANDCOCK, Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000, PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire on Property in all parts of the world, at moderate rates of premium. Prompt and liberal settlement of claims. Policies falling due at Michaelmas should be renewed before October 14, or the same will become void.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1825.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS, 1880.

THE PROFITS which have arisen since 1875 will be divided among Policies in force at the close of the current year, and Assurances now effected will participate.

THREE MILLIONS sterling have already been added to the Company's Policies in Bonus Additions.

REVENUE upwards of THREE-QUARTERS of a MILLION sterling per annum.

INVESTED FUNDS, upwards of FIVE-AND-A-HALF MILLIONS sterling.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, General Secretary for England.

EDINBURGH—3 AND 5 GEORGE STREET (HEAD OFFICE).

LONDON—82 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C., and 3 PALL MALL EAST.

DUBLIN—66 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

LOMBARD STREET AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

SUN FIRE OFFICE.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C. CHARING CROSS, S.W.

OXFORD STREET (Corner of Vere Street), W.

Established 1710. Home and Foreign Insurances Effected. Sum Insured in 1879, £262,692,161.

FRANCIS B. KELTON, Secretary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL £1,000,000. RESERVE FUND, £175,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on terms to be ascertained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS, PUBLISHERS,

BOOKSELLERS, and Others.—A GENTLEMAN of Twenty-five years' experience in all the Departments of Advertising, offers his services to any firm desirous of EXTENDING their ADVERTISING CONNECTION. The Advertiser can undertake the Management of either Outdoor or Indoor Advertisements, salary not so much an object at commencement as a permanency in the future.—For further particulars apply to A.Z., 24 Richmond Terrace, Clepham Road, S.W.

ENGLAND to AUSTRALIA in FORTY DAYS.

ORIENT LINE.

The following Royal Mail Steam Ships, belonging to the ORIENT and PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANIES, are dispatched every FORTNIGHT for ADELAIDE (Suez), MELBOURNE, and SYDNEY direct, taking Passengers at through rates to all the principal ports in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

	Tons.	H.P.		Tons.	H.P.
ACONCAGUA.....	4,107	690	JOHN ELDER.....	4,152	590
CHIMBORAZO.....	5,947	550	LIGURIA.....	4,666	750
CUTOPAXI.....	4,028	600	LUSITANIA.....	3,825	550
CUZCO.....	3,845	550	ORIENT.....	5,286	1,000
GABONNE.....	3,876	550	POTOSI.....	4,319	600

The above Steamers have been specially fitted for carrying all classes of passengers through the Tropics on long voyages, and the passages hitherto made are the fastest on record.

For further particulars apply to the Managers of the Line, F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-View Service in the Hotel.

DENJN. BULL, Manager.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL is on the Sea Shore. It contains 250 Rooms, and is "a model of sanitary excellence." Table-d'hôte daily. Two Months' Tourist Tickets from all principal Railway Stations in England.—Full information of MANAGER. There is attached to the Hotel one of the largest Swimming Baths in England.

TOTTENHAM BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT, NEAR FRESHWATER.

TOTLAND BAY HOTEL.—Magnificent Sea Views. Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession for its dry and bracing air. Special arrangements, on moderate terms, for the Autumn and Winter. Billiard-room. Loose boxes for Hunters. Fox Hounds in the immediate neighbourhood.—Apply to Miss FLEMING, Manageress (late of the Langham Hotel).

"THEY come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN."

Also, the HINDOO PENS, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Diagonal Points.

Sold at 6d. and 1s. per Box at all Stationers.

Patentees—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 25 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770).

PICTURES, BRONZES, and WORKS of ART on SALE at 39 Southampton Street, Strand. Pictures Cleaned, Lined, and Restored, if in the worst condition. Frames Cleaned or Rebuilt equal to New. Sales attended on Commission. CHARLES DEAR, 39 Southampton Street, Strand.

DENT'S WATCHES, CLOCKS, and CHRONOMETERS.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

Apply to 41 STRAND, or 34 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS

THROUGHOUT on MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Prices; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—218, 249, and 250 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Morwell Street, W.C. Established 1862.

A POLLINARIS WATER.

"Laurea donandus Apollinaris."—HORACE, Book IV. Ode 2.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1875.

ANNUAL SALE, 8,000,000.

APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, 19 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

THE PERFECTION OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

It is admitted that a thoroughly-matured Scotch Whisky is the most pleasing and wholesome of stimulants, rivaling the finest of French Brandy.

The *Lancet* says:—"Douglas & Mason's Whisky is excellent in every respect, smooth in taste and delicate in flavour, the advantage of skillful blending."

Price 6s. per dozen. Bottles and Cases included. Delivered free at any Railway Station in England in quantities of two dozen and upwards.

DOUGLAS & MASON, Wine Merchants, 56 George Street, Edinburgh.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

"THE fresh and splendid distinction of a Gold Medal, now given in 1878."—Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.

Guaranteed pure Cocoa only, deprived of the superfluous oil. Sold in Packets and Tins.

WILLS'**"WESTWARD HO!"****WILLS' "WESTWARD HO!" NEW SMOKING MIXTURE.**

"When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco: to be a lone man's Companion, a heather's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial, a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of heaven."—*Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"* In 1 oz., 2 oz., 4 oz. packets, lined with tinfoil.

WILLS, W. D. & H. O.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

IN CONSEQUENCE of spurious imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public,

LEA & PERRINS have adopted a New Label bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which Signature is placed on every Bottle of

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is Genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; and Blackwell, London; and Export Outlets generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The Safest and most gentle Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

DOGS of all ages and breeds are subject to WORMS.—One dose of NALDIRE'S POWDER removes Worms within an hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach and producing first-rate condition. "Wolverhampton, July 3, 1860.—I have used Naldire's Worm Powders for twenty years, and have never known them fail in a single instance."—C. J. BASTIN.

NALDIRE'S POWDERS are sold in packets 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and, on receipt of stamps, by BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon Street, London.

BOOKS, &c.**THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.**

Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best New Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.

*A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.

BOOTH'S CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS

of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 6d. each will be given, viz.: 74, 75, 76, 77, and 78 (clean copies)—at the Office, 39 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.**THE NEW SEASON.—NOTICE.**

The attention of all Readers of the best Literature is respectfully requested to the List revised for the New Season, of the Books recently added to MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY. A New Edition of this List is now ready, and will be forwarded postage free on application.

The Terms of Subscription are the lowest on which it is possible to furnish a constant and satisfactory supply of New Books.

The best works in History, Biography, Religion, Philosophy, Travel and Adventure, and the Higher Class of Fiction continue to be taken in large numbers on the day of publication, and fresh copies are added as the demand increases.

Arrangements have again been made with the leading Publishers for an ample supply of the Principal Works already announced for the New Season, and of all other Forthcoming Books of general interest as they appear.

53 The GREAT HALL of the Library, which has been closed for a few days for repairs and decoration, is now open for Subscribers, with improved arrangements and additional facilities for the exchange of Books.

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

October 9, 1880.

READERS OF FICTION,

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, TRAVEL, FRENCH AND GERMAN LITERATURE, AND WORKS OF EVERY CLASS, ARE

INVITED TO INSPECT THE CLUB PREMISES AND THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

(Which contains a large selection of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC)

OF THE

GROSVENOR GALLERY LIBRARY,

NEW BOND STREET.

The following are a few of the advantages offered by the GROSVENOR GALLERY LIBRARY:

- 1st.—The Books asked for are at once supplied.
- 2nd.—Two Volumes of the Newest Books for 1 Guinea a year.
- 3rd.—Three Volumes of the Newest Books for 1½ Guineas a year.
- 4th.—Four Volumes of the Newest Books delivered free for 2 Guineas a year.
- 5th.—Six Volumes of the Newest Books delivered free, together with use of the Club, for 3 Guineas a year.

N.B.—Specially advantageous terms are quoted to Country Subscribers.

All information promptly supplied on application to Mr. CHARLES ALLEN, GROSVENOR GALLERY LIBRARY, Limited, NEW BOND STREET, W.

NEWSPAPER PRICE LIST.—STEEL & JONES will be

happy to send their Price List of the principal London Newspapers free on application.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW to any part of the United Kingdom, £1 8s. 2d. per annum (in advance).

London: STEEL & JONES, 4 Spring Gardens, S.W.

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

Price 2s.; by post, 2s. 6d.

THE OWENS COLLEGE CALENDAR

for the SESSION 1880-1.

Manchester: J. E. CORNISH. London: MACMILLAN & CO.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MISS RUSSELL.

Now ready, at all Libraries, 3 vols.

QUITE TRUE. By DORA RUSSELL, Author of "Footprints in the Snow," &c.

London: J. & R. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe Lane, E.C.

SECOND EDITION.

Now ready, boards, 2s.; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. (postage, 4d.)

THE VICAR'S GOVERNANCE. By DORA RUSSELL, Author of "Footprints in the Snow," &c.

"Undoubtedly a clever and well-written story. Miss Russell may fairly be congratulated on having written a book which contains a good deal that is interesting, and indicates a reserve of something still better."—*Times*.

London: J. & R. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Now ready, crown 8vo, 468 pp, price 5s.

THE CAMP OF REFUGE: a Tale of the Conquest of the

Ile of Ely. Edited, with Notes and Appendix, by SAMUEL H. MILLER, F.R.S., Joint Author of "The Fenland, Past and Present." Illustrated with Maps.

Wisebach: LEACH & SON.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

Just published, Second Edition, revised and greatly enlarged, with a Glossary and Index, 2 vols. 8vo. with 722 Illustrations, 42s.

A MANUAL OF PALEONTOLOGY, for the Use of Students.

With a General Introduction on the Principles of Paleontology. By H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., &c., Professor of Natural History in the University of St. Andrews. Author of "A Manual of Zoology," &c.

"The most complete and systematic treatise on the subject in the English language. It has not only been thoroughly revised, and to a great extent rewritten, but so much enlarged by the addition of new matter, that it may claim to be considered, to all intents and purposes, a new book."—*Saturday Review*, September 25, 1880.

"There is a wonderful charm of simplicity and clearness about the composition; the indefinable touch of genius lights up the pages; and the most general reader must be staid indeed who does not follow the author with an interest running hard upon enthusiasm. The illustrations are not only profuse and scientifically accurate, but exhibit for the most part a pictorial delicacy and vividness such as must satisfy the most exacting connoisseur in this kind of art."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"It is certainly the best book of its kind for the use of students, and for the general reader, which we possess."—*Geological Magazine*.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Just published, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

HAUSRATH.—HISTORY of the NEW TESTAMENT

TIMES. The *TIMES* of JESUS, by Dr. A. HAUSRATH, Professor of Theology, Heidelberg. Translated, with the Author's sanction, from the Third German Edition, by the Revs. C. T. POYNTING and P. QUENZER. Vol. II. Complete, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Subscribers to the "Theological Translation Fund Library" receive this Volume for 7s. Prospectus, with Contents of the Series, post free on application.

MR. S. SHARPE'S BIBLE.

Just published, 8vo. roan, price 4s. 6d.

THE HOLY BIBLE, translated by SAMUEL SHARPE. Being a

Revision of the Authorized English Version. Fourth Edition of the Old Testament. Fifth Edition of the New Testament.

WILLIAMS & NORBATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and

30 South Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.**STRICTLY TIED UP.** 3 vols.**ROY and VIOLA.** By Mrs. FORRESTER, Author of "Viva," "Mignon," &c. 3 vols."Roy and Viola" is an admirable tale; told by one who can vividly describe and incisively comment on the manners and 'personnel' of modern society. The dialogue is easy and natural, and the writing fresh. — *World*.**LORD BRACKENBURY.** By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History." Second Edition, 3 vols."Lord Brackenbury" is a very readable story. The author has well conceived the purpose of high-class novel-writing, and succeeded in no small measure in attaining it. There is plenty of variety, cheerful dialogue, and general verve in the work. — *Athenaeum*.**ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.** By SHIRLEY SMITH, Author of "His Last Stake," &c. 3 vols."There is freshness and variety in this story, and some of its characters are very prettily conceived. The book is well worth reading." — *Athenaeum*.**A VERY OPAL.** By C. L. PIRKIS. 3 vols."A clever and interesting novel." — *Spectator*.**CHEAP EDITION OF YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.** By the Author of "John Halifax." Forming the New Volume of "Hurst & Blackett's Standard Library." Bound and Illustrated, 5s.**GEORGE ELIOT.**

On Wednesday will be published, New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo. 5s.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 312, will be published on SATURDAY NEXT, the 16th instant.

CONTENTS:—

1. LIFE OF THOMAS GRAHAM, LORD LYNEDOC.
2. ANNALS OF EXETER COLLEGE.
3. RECORDS OF EARLY ENGLISH ADVENTURE.
4. THE CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS.
5. SAINT SIMON'S PARALLEL OF THREE KINGS.
6. HOWORTH'S HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS.
7. GERMANY, PAST AND PRESENT.
8. TREVELYAN'S EARLY HISTORY OF FOX.
9. THE CANDAHAR CAMPAIGN.

London, LONGMANS and Co., Edinburgh, A. and C. BLACK.

This day is published, 6s.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—NEW SERIES. No. CXVI. OCTOBER 1880.

CONTENTS:

1. PAUL AND SENECA.
2. THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH QUESTION.
3. CAROLINE VON LINSINGEN AND WILLIAM THE FOURTH.
4. PLATO AND HIS TIMES.
5. CHASTITY: its Development and Maintenance.
6. "THE RELIGIOUS INSTINCT" OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
7. EAST INDIAN CURRENCY AND EXCHANGE.

INDIA AND OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.
REVIEWS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

London: TRUBNER & Co., 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Now ready, 6s.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW for OCTOBER 1880.

CONTENTS:

1. THE WRITINGS OF MR. T. W. ALFIES, FROM THE "KATHOLIK."
2. MR. SHADWORTH HODGSON ON FREE WILL. By W. G. WARD, F.R.D.
3. WESTERN SUSSEX. By ALEXANDER WOOD, M.A., F.S.A.
4. SPENSER AS A TEXT-BOOK. By THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A.
5. THE TRUTH AND THE FALSEHOOD OF M. RENAN'S LECTURES. By the Rev. M. E. ADAMS.
6. HISTORY OF THE PRUSSIAN "KULTURKAMPF." Part III. By A GERMAN STATESMAN.
7. MIRACLES AND MEDICAL SCIENCE. By E. MACKEY, M.D.
8. BELGIUM AND THE HOLY SEE.
9. ALLOCATION OF POPE LEO XIII.—NOTICES OF CATHOLIC CONTINENTAL PERIODICALS.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.—LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

London: BURNS & OATES, 17 Portman Street, W.; and 63 Paternoster Row, E.C.

Price 2s. 6d.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

For OCTOBER 1880.

- OBSTRUCTION OR "CLÔTURE." By the Right Hon. Lord SHERBROOKE.
THE CREEDS—OLD AND NEW. I. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
THE CHASE: its History and Laws. I. By the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
THE UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM OF PARTIES. By E. D. J. WILSON.
PETTY ROMANCY. By JOSEPH LUCAS.
WAPITI—RUNNING ON THE PLAINS. By the Right Hon. the Earl of DUNRAVEN.
DIARY OF LIU TA-JEN'S MISSION TO ENGLAND. Translated by F. S. A. BOURSE.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRAYFISHES. By the Right Rev. the Lord BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
POLITICAL FATALISM. By H. D. TRAILL.
DEMONIACAL POSSESSION IN INDIA. By W. KNIGHTON.
ALEXANDRE DUMAS. By WALTER HERBERT POLLOCK.
THE "PORTSMOUTH CUSTOM." By Lord LYNDHURST, M.P.

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., LONDON.

JOSIAH MASON'S COLLEGE.—See THE BUILDER for View and Plan—View and Plan of Westminster Parochial Offices, and New Studies of Ornament—Brussels Exhibition—Road Formation and Comparative Table—The Practice of an Architect—Exeter—The Westminster Competition—Progress of Electric Lighting, &c. 4d.; by post, 1jd.—at Catherine Street. And all Newsagents.**SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & CO.'S NEW LIST.****IMPORTANT WORK NOW READY.**

Now ready, 2 vols. demy 8vo. cloth extra, with Maps, Coloured Plates, and numerous very fine Woodcut Illustrations, 42s.

NEW GUINEA:**WHAT I DID AND WHAT I SAW.**

By L. M. D'ALBERTIS,

Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Honorary Member and Gold Medalist of the I.R.G.S., C.M.Z.S., &c. &c.

"Of all the habitable but unknown portions of the globe, with the exception of Africa, New Guinea possesses at present the greatest interest for the student and the general reader. Professor D'Albertis may be said to have devoted his life to the unravelling of its mysteries, and his work is by far the most thorough and complete account of its people, animals, birds, insects, &c. extant."

ALBANIA: a Narrative of Recent Travel. By E. F. KNIGHT. With some very good Illustrations specially made for the work. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 12s. 6d.**THE AUSTRALIAN ABROAD.** Branches from the Main Routes round the World. SECOND SERIES: CEYLON, INDIA, AND EGYPT. By JAMES HINGSTON. With many fine Illustrations. Uniform with the First Series, which describes the Author's Route through Japan, China, Cochinchina, Malacca, Sunda, Java, Torres Straits, Northern Australia, New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand. Demy 8vo. with Maps and many Illustrations, cloth extra, 14s.

Of the First Series the Reviewers spoke highly:

"Since the days of Captain Cook several men have managed to get round the world; few, however, have given so interesting an account of their tour as that which Mr. Hingston presents. That gentleman has fairly earned his right to publish a book of travel; he is a clever writer, his subject is good, and his knowledge of it thorough." — *Morning Post*.
"Cannot fail to be appreciated by the public." — *Land and Water*.**PRIMITIVE FOLK MOOTS; or, Open-Air Assemblies in Britain.** By GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A., Honorary Secretary to the Folk-Lore Society. Author of "Index of Municipal Offices." 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 12s.

This work deals with an earlier phase of the history of English Institutions than has yet been attempted.

THE STORY of the ZULU CAMPAIGN. By Major ASHE (late King's Dragoon Guards). Author of "The Military Institutions of France," &c.; and Captain the Hon. E. V. WYATT EDSELL (17th Lancers, killed at Ulundi). Dedicated by special permission to Her Imperial Highness the Empress Eugénie.

[Next week.]

THE NAVAL BRIGADE in SOUTH AFRICA. By HENRY F. NORRIS, C.B., R.N. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

[Ready.]

AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION DE LUXE, FOR CHRISTMAS, &c. WASHINGTON IRVING'S LITTLE BRITAIN, the SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM, and a LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. Specially Illustrated by 129 very fine Engravings on Wood by Mr. J. D. COOPER, designed by Mr. CHARLES O. MURRAY. Square crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 10s. 6d. [Ready.]**FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,** Literary and Political. By THOMAS FROST, Author of "The Secret Societies of the European Revolution," &c. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 10s. 6d.The *Athenaeum*, in a very favourable review, says: "The whole book, short and well written, not too colonial, and rarely illustrated, is well worth reading. Mr. Frost has done a great public service by printing these 'Recollections.'"**GREECE and the GREEKS; or, a Historic Sketch of Attic Life and Manners.** By the Hon. THOMAS TALBOT. Dedicated to the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 12s. [Ready.]**EPISODES of FRENCH HISTORY.** Edited, with Notes, Genealogical, Historical, and other Tables, by GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A.

1. CHARLEMAGNE AND THE CARLOVINGIANS. [Ready.]

2. LOUIS IX. AND THE CRUSADES. [Ready.]

3. &c. Other Volumes in preparation.

The above Series is based upon M. Guizot's "History of France." The volumes are choice illustrations, with Maps, printed and bound in a handy form, each 2s. 6d.

A NEW WORK FOR ART STUDENTS.**A TREATISE ON ETCHING.** Texts and Plates by MAXIME LAUNAY. Translated by S. R. KOEHLER. With Notes. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, price 12s. 6d.**MISS ALCOTT'S NEW STORY IS****JACK and JILL: a Village Story.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, Author of "Little Men," "Little Women," &c. Small post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, price 5s.**MOUNTAIN and PRAIRIE: a Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg, and Peace River Pass.** By the Rev. DANIEL M. GORDON, B.D., Ottawa. Small post 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations, cloth extra, 8s. 6d. [Now ready.]**THE HEIR of KILFINNAN: a Tale of the Shore and Ocean.** By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. An entirely New Story. Square crown 8vo. with Illustrations, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.**DICK CHEVELEY; his Adventures and Misadventures.** By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. An entirely New Story. Square crown 8vo. with Illustrations, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.**JULES VERNE'S NEW STORY IS****THE TRIBULATIONS of a CHINAMAN.** New Work. By JULES VERNE. Square crown 8vo. Illustrated, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.**PRETTY PEGGY; and other Ballads.** By ROSSINA EMMET. Charming large Coloured Illustrations and Ballads by an American Lady. Coloured Wrapper, 40s. 5s. [Ready.]**NEW NOVELS.****SARAH DE BERANGER: New Novel.** By JEAN INGELW. 3 vols. [Ready.]**A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," &c. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. 31s. 6d. [Ready.]**LISA LENA.** By EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby." 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.**A PLOT of the PRESENT DAY.** By KATE HOPE. 3 vols.**BLACK ABBEY.** By M. CROMMELIN. 3 vols.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON, CROWN BUILDINGS, 158 FLEET STREET, E.C.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

On Tuesday next will be published, a NEW NOVEL, in 3 vols. entitled

ADAM AND EVE.

By Mrs. PARR, Author of "Dorothy Fox."

NEW WORK BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

3 vols. crown 8vo.

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

Second Series.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

THE WELLFIELDS. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "Probation," and "The First Violin." 3 vols. crown 8vo.

"A well and powerfully-written novel."—*St. James's Gazette*.
"This is the best of the author's three books in point of construction; and the character of Jerome Wellfield is more finished and more consistent than any she has yet attempted."—*Athenaeum*.

MR. R. M. JEPHSON'S NEW NOVEL.

Immediately, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

A RED RAG. By R. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON,

Author of "A Pink Wedding," "The Girl he Left Behind Him," &c.

NOTICE.

Second Edition of THE MUDFOG PAPERS,
by CHARLES DICKENS, is now ready at all Booksellers', in crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

On October 15, royal 8vo. 25s.

THE POWER of SOUND. By EDMUND

GURNEY, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

NEW NOVELS.

On October 15, in 2 vols. post 8vo.

MEHALAH: a Story of the Salt Marshes.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE
MADDING CROWD."

On October 23, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE TRUMPET MAJOR. By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

On Wednesday next will be published, demy 8vo. price 10s.

MR. KINGLAKE'S

NEW VOLUME OF

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

The Sixth—"WINTER TROUBLES."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Now ready, royal 8vo. cloth, 11s. (Postage, 8d.)

STUDIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ITALY.

By VERNON LEE.

"Throughout the volume we are in the presence of a subtle and imaginative critic, of a picturesque and vigorous writer, of one who has profoundly studied a subject in which he takes passionate interest, and who has written of Italy and Italian art with a wonderful artistic intuition, comparable only with that shown in some of Robert Browning's poems on Italian subjects."—*Fanfulla della Domenica*.

"A learned volume on the Italian stage by a young English writer of most lively powers."—*Nuova Antologia*.

"A singularly delightful and very able volume."—*Westminster Review*.

"Treating an important theme with conspicuous ability."—*Athenaeum*.

"Much detail in musical and dramatic matters."—*Saturday Review*.

"Curious and recalcitrant learning."—*Spectator*.

Now ready, Third Edition, crown 8vo. with Portrait and 12 Plates,
cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. (Postage, 6d.)

MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

By WILLIAM HENDERSON.

"No modern book about angling with greater chances of charming."—*Athenaeum*.
"The sweet feeling which pervades these pages will be their highest praise."—*Daily News*.
"More entertaining than a novel."—*Durham Chronicle*.
"Will amply reward the general reader."—*Spectator*.

LONDON: W. SATCHELL & CO., 12 TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

NEW NOVELS.

Now ready at all Libraries, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

"There is a great amount of beautiful work in this book."—*Athenaeum*.

3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

WHITE WINGS:

A Yachting Romance.

By WILLIAM BLACK.

"We must own to being astonished into new admiration at the versatility Mr. Black has shown on this occasion, within the range he has so frequently explored. There is a perennial freshness in his art of description, which exhibits itself in the endless variety of his combinations; and in that respect he seems to have learnt his lessons from the nature he so passionately loves. Epithets must necessarily be often repeated, for the English language is limited; but as an artist does all his painting from a dozen or so of tubes of colours, so Mr. Black can translate his vocabulary into an infinity of tints and tones. Nor do we know any living novelist who has more completely the gift of awakening the bodily senses through the medium of printer's ink."—*Times*.

2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

THE REBECCA RIOTER:

A Story of Killay Life.

By E. A. DILLWYN.

"A deeply interesting tale..... Altogether we must pronounce 'The Rebecca Rioter' to be a remarkable book."—*Athenaeum*.

3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

THE LADY RESIDENT.

By HAMILTON PAGE.

2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

LOVE AND LIFE:

An Old Story in Eighteenth-Century Costume.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Next week, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.

By GEORGE FLEMING,

Author of "A Nile Novel," and "Mirage."

ISLAND LIFE; or, the Phenomena and

Causes of Insular Fauna and Flora, including a revision and attempted solution of the Problem of Geological Climates. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Author of "The Malay Archipelago," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," &c. Demy 8vo. with Illustrations and Maps, 18s.

[This day.]

ETIENNE DOLET: the Martyr of the

Renaissance. A Biography, with a Bibliographical Appendix, containing a Descriptive Catalogue of the Books written, edited, or printed by Dolet. By RICHARD COPLEY CHRISTIE, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester. 8vo. with Illustrations, 18s. [Now ready.]

GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated into English

Verse, with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by JOHN STUART BLACKIE, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, carefully revised and largely rewritten, crown 8vo. 9s.

[Now ready.]

THE CHURCHES of ASIA: a Methodical

Sketch of the Second Century. By the Rev. W. CUNNINGHAM, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s.

VICTOR EMMANUEL II., First King of

Italy, LIFE of. By G. S. GODKIN. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo. 6s. [Now ready.]

MACMILLAN'S PROGRESSIVE FRENCH

READER. I. FIRST YEAR: Containing Tales, Historical Extracts, Letters, Dialogues, Fables, Ballads, Nursery Lines, &c. With Two Vocabularies. By G. EUGENE FARNACHT, Author of "Macmillan's French and German Courses," &c. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH MEN of LETTERS.

Edited by JOHN MORLEY.

BYRON. By Professor NICHOL. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"Decidedly one of the most valuable and careful of the whole series..... When a book is as good as Professor Nichol's there is little to be said about it, except to commend it as widely as may be."—*Athenaeum*.

LOCKE. By Professor FOWLER.

[Shortly.]

MACMILLAN'S SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

New Volume.

VIDA: Study of a Girl. By AMY DUNSMUIR. Crown 8vo.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO.'S NEW LIST.

Medium 8vo.

HISTORY of PAINTING. From the German of the late Dr. ALFRED WOLTMANN and Dr. KARL WOERMANN. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN.

Vol. I. PAINTING IN ANTIQUITY AND THE MIDDLE AGES. Cloth extra, 28s.; bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 30s. [Ready.]

Vol. II. PAINTING OF THE RENAISSANCE. [Preparing.]

Demy 8vo. with Portrait, cloth, 16s.

SPINOZA: his Life and Philosophy. By FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

THE ATOMIC THEORY. By Prof. AD. WURTZ. Translated by E. CLEMINSHAW, F.C.S.

*. Vol. XXX. of "The International Scientific Series."

Next week, demy 8vo. cloth.

A COMMENTARY on the BOOK of JOB. With a Translation. By SAMUEL COX.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY.

I. SAMUEL. By the Very Rev. R. P. SMITH, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Rev. Prof. CHAPMAN, and Rev. B. DALE. Price 15s. [Ready.]

Ready, demy 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE NEW TRUTH and the OLD FAITH; Are they Incompatible? By A SCIENTIFIC LAYMAN.

Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE INSPIRATION of the NEW TESTAMENT. By W. B. BROWNE. With Preface by the Rev. J. P. NORRIS, D.D., Canon of Bristol.

Ready, small crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE NEW WERTHER. By LOKI.

Crown 8vo. cloth.

PICTURES from IRELAND in 1880. By TERENCE McGRATH.

Small crown 8vo. cloth.

DISCONTENT and DANGER in INDIA, and some of its Causes. By A. K. CONNELL.

Second and Cheaper Edition, small crown 8vo. with 25 Plates and Maps, 9s.

THE ELEMENTS of MODERN TACTICS. Practically applied to English Formations. By Major WILKINSON SHAW. ("Military Handbooks.")

NEW POETRY.

Next week, fcp. 8vo. cloth.

COLLECTED SONNETS, Old and New. By CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER. With a Prefatory Poem by ALFRED TENNYSON. Also some Marginal Notes by S. T. COLERIDGE, and a Critical Essay by JAMES SPEDDING.

Ready, large post 8vo. parchment antique, bevelled boards, 6s.

MARY MAGDALENE: a Poem. By Mrs. RICHARD GREENOUGH.

Ready, small crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP: a Spanish Legend in Twenty-nine Cançons. By Colonel COLEMAN, Author of "Donington Castle" (A Royalist Story), &c.

Small crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: a Drama.

Small crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

CORYDALIS: a Story of the Sicilian Expedition. By EDWARD M. HAWTREY.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

PALACE and PRISON, and FAIR GERALDINE: Two Tragedies. By the Author of "Ginevra" and "The Duke of Guise."

Small crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

A LOVE'S GAMUT; and other Poems.

1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

ALBEMARLE STREET: October 1880.

MR. MURRAY'S FORTHCOMING WORKS.

UNBEATEN TRACKS in JAPAN: Travels of a Lady in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrine of Nikko and Ise. By ISABELLA BIRD, Author of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Map and Illustrations.

LIFE and LETTERS of LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL. Based on his Autobiography, Journals, and Correspondence. Edited by his Daughter, the Hon. Mrs. HARDCASTLE. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS: Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By A. P. STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 8vo.

JAPAN; its History, Traditions, and Religions. With the Narrative of a Visit to Japan in 1879. By Sir E. J. REED, K.C.B., M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. with Map and Illustrations.

MEMOIR of the PUBLIC LIFE of the RIGHT HON. J. C. HERRIES, during the Reigns of Kings George III. and IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. Founded on his Letters and other Unpublished Documents. By his Son. 2 vols. 8vo.

ILIOS: a Complete History of the City and Country of the Trojans, including all Recent Discoveries and Researches made on the Plain of Troy. By Dr. HENRY SCHLEIMANN, Author of "Mycenae and Tiryns." Royal 8vo. with Maps, Plans, and Illustrations.

THE PERSONAL LIFE of DAVID LIVINGSTONE, from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence. By W. G. BLAIR, D.D. 8vo. with Portrait and Map.

INDIA in 1880. By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., late Governor of Bombay, &c. 8vo.

THE MANIFOLD WITNESS for CHRIST; being an attempt to exhibit the Combined Force of Various Evidences of Christianity, Direct and Indirect. (The Boyle Lectures for 1877-78.) By Canon BARRY, D.D. 8vo.

MRS. GROTE: a Sketch. By Lady EASTLAKE. Post 8vo.

SKETCHES of EMINENT STATESMEN and WRITERS, with OTHER ESSAYS. By A. HAYWARD, Q.C. Reprinted, with Additions and Corrections, from the "Quarterly Review." 2 vols. 8vo.

DUTY. With Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance. By SAMUEL SMILES. A Companion Volume to "Self Help," "Character," and "Thrift." Post 8vo.

A POPULAR ACCOUNT of PERUVIAN BARK, and its Introduction into British India, Ceylon, &c., and the Progress and Extent of its Cultivation. By C. R. MARKHAM, C.B. Post 8vo. with Maps and Woodcuts.

A HISTORY of GREEK SCULPTURE. From the Earliest Times down to the Age of Phidias. By A. S. MURRAY, of the British Museum. Royal 8vo. with Illustrations.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and EVENTFUL CAREER of the DUKE of SALDANHA, Soldier and Statesman. With Selections from his Correspondence. By the Conde de CARNOTA. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait.

THE POWER of MOVEMENT in PLANTS. By CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S., assisted by FRANCIS DARWIN. Crown 8vo. with Woodcuts.

SIBERIA in EUROPE: a Naturalist's Visit to the Valley of the Petchora in North-East Russia. With Notices of Birds and their Migrations. By HENRY SEEBOHM, F.R.G.S. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations.

THE PSALMS of DAVID. With Notes Explanatory and Critical. By the Dean of WELLS, Canon C. J. ELLIOTT, and Canon F. C. COOK. Medium 8vo. (Reprinted from the "Speaker's Commentary.")

MADAME DE STAËL: a Study of her Life and Times. The First Revolution and the First Empire. By A. STEVENS, LL.D. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Portraits.

RAMBLES AMONG the HILLS in the PEAK of DERBYSHIRE, and on the SOUTH DOWNS; with Sketches of People by the Way. By LOUIS J. JENNINGS, Author of "Field Paths and Green Lanes in Sussex." Post 8vo. with Illustrations.

THE GARDENS of the SUN; or, a Naturalist's Journal on the Mountains and in the Forests and Swamps of Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago. By F. W. BURBIDGE. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations.

HISTORY of EGYPT UNDER the PHARAOSHS. Derived entirely from the Monuments. With a Memoir on the Exodus of the Israelites and the Egyptian Monuments. By Dr. HENRY BAUSCH. Second Edition, revised, 2 vols. 8vo. with Maps.

ENGLISH STUDIES. By J. S. BREWER, M.A., late of the Record Office, Professor of Modern History, King's College, London. 8vo.

THE HUGUENOTS; their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. New Edition, crown 8vo.

A SMALLER MANUAL of MODERN GEOGRAPHY, Physical and Political. By JOHN RICHARDSON, M.A. Post 8vo.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

The EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 312, OCTOBER 1880. 8vo. price 6s. [On Saturday next.]

CONTENTS:—

- I. LIFE OF THOMAS GRAHAM, LORD LYNEDOCIL.
- II. ANNALS OF EXETER COLLEGE.
- III. RECORDS OF EARLY ENGLISH ADVENTURE.
- IV. THE CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS.
- V. SAINT SIMON'S PARALLEL OF THREE KINGS.
- VI. HOWORTH'S HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS.
- VII. GERMANY, PAST AND PRESENT.
- VIII. TREVELYAN'S EARLY HISTORY OF FOX.
- IX. THE CANDAHAR CAMPAIGN.

The EARLY HISTORY of CHARLES JAMES FOX. By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. Author of "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." 8vo. price 18s. [On Friday next.]

The MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, SPEECHES, LAYS of ANCIENT ROME and other POEMS of LORD MACAULAY. Cabinet Edition (1880), in 4 vols. crown 8vo. price 24s. cloth: or 48s. bound in tree-calf by Riviere.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF MACAULAY'S LAYS.

LAYS of ANCIENT ROME, with IVRY and the ARMADA.

By Lord MACAULAY. New Edition, with 41 Illustrations engraved on Wood by G. Pearson from Original Drawings by J. R. Weguelin. Crown 8vo. price 6s. cloth extra, gilt edges. To be had also bound by Riviere, price 12s. in tree-calf, 15s. in plain morocco, or 21s. in morocco elegant. [On Friday next.]

TURKISH ARMENIA and EASTERN ASIA MINOR. By the Rev. HENRY FANSHAWE TOZER, M.A. F.R.G.S. Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; Author of "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," &c. 8vo. with 5 full-page Illustrations and a Map. [In the press.]

The FLIGHT of the "LAPWING"; a Naval Officer's Jottings in China, Formosa, and Japan. By the Hon. HENRY NOEL SHORE, R.N. 8vo. with Frontispiece, Two Maps and a Plan. [Nearly ready.]

FAITHS and FASHIONS; Short Essays republished. By Lady VIOLET GREVILLE. Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

YELLOW-CAP and other Fairy Stories—viz. Rumpty-Dudget, Calladon, and Theeda an Allegory. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Crown 8vo. price 6s. cloth extra, gilt edges. [On Friday next.]

The CROOKIT MEG: a Story of the Year One. By JOHN SKELTON, Author of "The Essays of Shirley." (Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*.) Crown 8vo. price 6s.

BLUES and BUFFS: a Contested Election and its Results. By ARTHUR MILLS. (Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*.) Crown 8vo. price 6s.

A THOUSAND THOUGHTS from VARIOUS AUTHORS. Selected and arranged by ARTHUR B. DAVISON. Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. By the late WALTER BAGEHOT, M.A. and Fellow of University College, London. 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with "Literary Studies" and "Economic Studies" by the same Author. [In the press.]

CONTENTS:—I. The Character of Sir Robert Peel, 1856—II. Lord Brougham, 1857—III. Mr. Gladstone, 1860—IV. William Pitt, 1861—V. Bolingbroke as a Statesman, 1863—VI. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, 1863—VII. Adam Smith as a Person, 1876—VIII. Lord Althorp and the Reform Act of 1832-1876.

LIFE and OPINIONS of the REV. WILLIAM LAW, M.A. the Nonjuring and Mystic Divine, Author of "The Serious Call," &c. By J. H. OVERTON, M.A. formerly Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. 8vo. [In the press.]

The VOYAGE and SHIPWRECK of ST. PAUL; with Dissertations on the Life and Writings of St. Luke and on the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients. By the late JAMES SMITH, F.R.S. Fourth Edition, with Portrait of the Author, Charts, Wood Engravings, &c. Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

HORSES and ROADS; or, How to Keep a Horse Sound on his Legs. By FREE-LANCE. Being a Series of Papers reprinted from "The Farm Journal." Crown 8vo. price 6s. [On Friday next.]

POPULAR LECTURES on SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By H. HELMHOLTZ, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by Dr. E. ATKINSON, Staff College. Second Series. Crown 8vo. with numerous Woodcuts, price 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

London: LONGMANS & CO. Paternoster Row.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, October 9, 1880.